"Oh! Canada."

With

J. C. Glendinning's

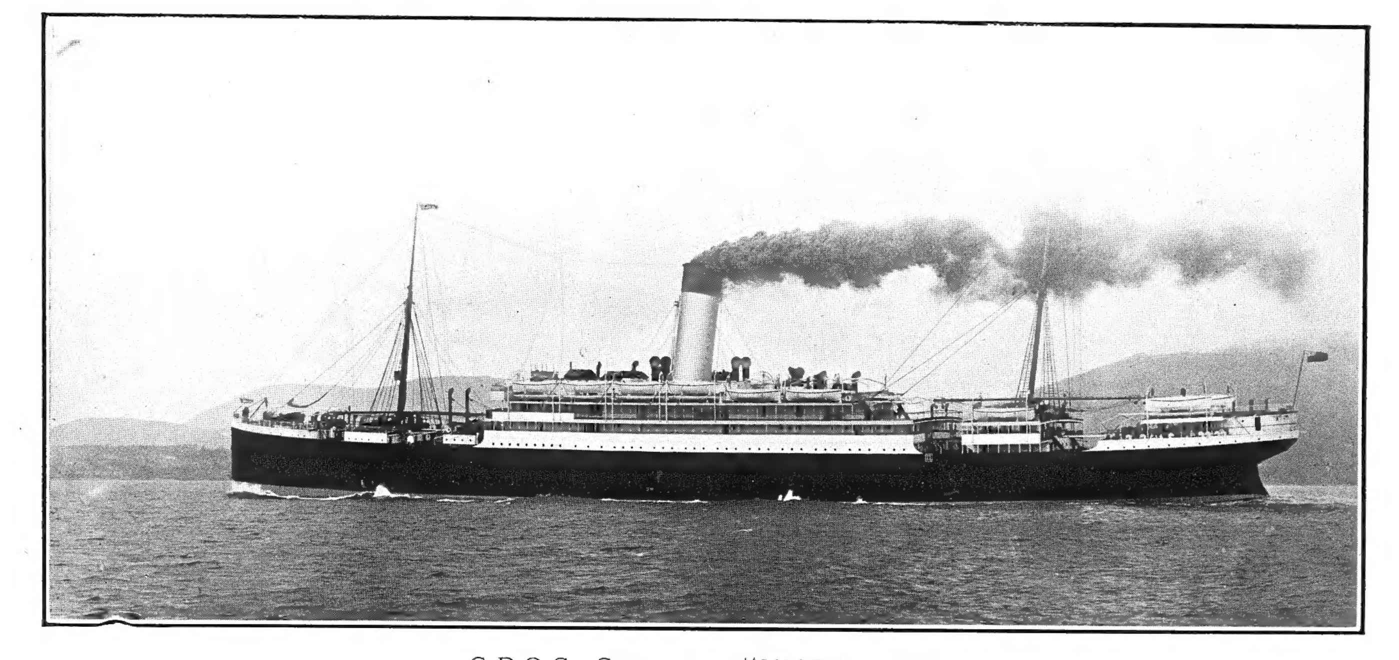
Compliments.

IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE, 1920.



THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT BURNHAM, C.H.

PRESIDENT.



C.P.O.S. STEAMER "VICTORIAN."

"Oh! Canada."



PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS AS A DELEGATE TO THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE OF 1920.



By JOHN C. GLENDINNING,

Representative of the

IRISH NEWSPAPER SOCIETY.



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"OH! CANADA."



IN this account of my personal experiences to, in, and from Canada as a delegate to the Imperial Press Conference of 1920, I must ask my readers not to expect any display of literary ability or any attempt to do justice to our great Dominion as a country teeming with resources. This will be done by more facile and informed pens than mine, and those statements will, I am sure, have that wider publicity throughout the British Isles that the subject so well deserves. I am simply making an effort to put into more or less permanent form, at the request and for the, let us say, amusement of my friends, the incidents and impressions personal to myself throughout a most enjoyable and informative journey, covering, apart from the passages across the Atlantic, between 8,000 and 9,000 miles, and occupying two months or thereabouts.

My presence as a delegate was owing to the inability of the President of the Irish Newspaper Society to leave home. I, being the immediate past President, was asked to attend the Conference and to represent there the interests of the morning newspapers of Ireland.

Delegates included members of the Empire Press Union from all parts of the British Empire, including England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, New Zealand, Tasmania, the West Indies, Malta, Egypt, Newfoundland, the East Indies, while representatives of Reuter's Agency and of Newspaper Labour also added to the number.

Delegates reached Ottawa, the venue of the Conference, by various routes, some coming *via* the Pacific, but the main body left Liverpool on the 20th July by the C.P.O.S. steamer Victorian, to the number of about eighty. Several delegates had the happiness of being accompanied by their wives, whose presence added greatly to the general enjoyment. One of the Labour delegates had the

courage to bring his wife and their tiny baby, and the little mite, just learning her first walking steps, was an object of general interest and consideration, but it was a good baby and gave its mother very little trouble. There was another baby, tinier still, belonging to a delegate from Calcutta, but it was in charge of an ayah, and on reaching Canada disappeared from view and was seen no more.

I myself arrived at Liverpool on Sunday, 18th July. I might have waited at home until Monday, 19th, and saved myself some expense and inconvenience, as hotel accommodation in Liverpool was difficult to obtain, had I been aware that the Victorian would not sail until Tuesday; but, believing she would sail on Monday, and having to have my passport visaed by the U.S. Consul in Belfast before 1 p.m. on Saturday, I left home by the 7.30 a.m. Midland Railway train on that day. I should explain that I had previously booked my passage home from New York on the t.s.s. Columbia —intending to have a look round London's great rival and to visit some of my friends there before coming home. This necessitated my obtaining a passport into the U.S. (of which document more anon). I had a personal interview with Mr. Kent, America's Consul at Belfast, who, after some exchange of opinion upon Irish affairs, warned me not to form any opinion of the U.S. based upon my impressions of New York.

The manager of the hotel to which I went at Liverpool took me in for that night only, as all his accommodation was booked for the following night, so I had to seek new quarters on Monday and was fortunate in securing a sleeping-place. I visited the Museum and looked at Liverpool's collection of paintings on the Sunday, and on Monday I viewed the departure of the Aquitania and amused myself with scenes along Prince's landing-stage. The weather was sunny and warm, and I met one or two Derry people during my peregrinations, as usual. They seem to be everywhere.

Our staterooms on the Victorian had been arranged in London, and I expected to find myself in company with Mr. Ernest Woodhead, of Huddersfield; but on going on board I found that my "stable companion" was Mr. Phineas Selig, of the *Times*, Christchurch, New Zealand, who proved to be a most pleasant and friendly associate.

Owing to a strike of some of the hands our ship had been delayed on the other side and had only

got into Liverpool the previous Friday. It was something of a feat to have her ready to sail again on Tuesday, and signs of unusual commotion were observed. Hands were still being signed on and mustered on deck, &c., but in a marvellously short time all confusion disappeared and we settled down to the orderly system of life on board ship to which travellers are accustomed. Our party occupied most of the saloon accommodation, but we were soon on friendly terms with the outsiders and were an ideally happy party. I found that, with the exception of Lord Burnham, with whom I had travelled on a previous occasion, the only member I knew was my friend John Harper, of the Glasgow *Daily Record.* I was glad to see a familiar face, but I was not long in making other acquaintances. The first of many, many booklets which we were to receive was passed round, and proved to be a "special" passenger list, containing the names of all the delegate passengers, with portraits of the more important personages; the other saloon passengers, and handsome illustrations of the ship and its saloons. This booklet was well handled by everyone, you may be sure, to see who was who. Quite a large number at once began to turn it into an autograph album, but I contented myself with using it to "tick off" one by one the names of those whose personality I became aware of. This was a fairly rapid process, but I felt that it might and ought to have been done more quickly. In my opinion a meeting of all the delegates on board, ladies and gentlemen, should have been called at once, and introductions exchanged; but, on the other hand, it was very interesting to note the various faces, accents, and types, and to make a mark opposite a name when the possessor of it could be permanently fixed in the memory. I am not quick at that sort of thing: it is a faculty I have often envied others, particularly ladies. I am presented to someone, and names are mentioned. My mind is occupied with the face and personal individuality of the person introduced, and after the usual exchange of compliments, and when the formality is ended, I find I have paid no attention to the name, or have failed to memorize it. After several experiences of this nature I made it a point to pay careful attention to the name, and so mastered my failing in this respect, but failure to do so has often led me into a very embarrassing predicament. Mr. J. T. Clayton, Skipton, York-

shire, the first member of the party to whom I spoke, has no trouble of that sort. When I boarded the Victoria I went straight to my room and there deposited a small case and my overcoats. I then returned to the gangway to watch others coming on board. Similarly occupied were two gentlemen, one of whom addressed me: "You are Mr. Glendinning?" I said "Yes; but how do you know?" He replied, "Oh, I saw your name on your case as you passed in." Rather smart? and quite beyond my powers. Mr. Clayton was associated with me pretty closely during the trip, as will be seen, and became one of my friends. His companion was Mr. Lewis Howarth, of Leeds.

The camera, which was to be a prominent feature of the tour, now made its appearance for the first time, but not very successfully. A group was "taken" on the bridge deck, but only a small minority of the delegates could be mustered, and I have not seen the result.

The first item of interest of the voyage was boat and fire drill, which was carried out shortly after sailing, and boats' companies appointed. The usual thing. We began to get accustomed to the daily routine, and as the sea was calm sports—shuffle board, quoits, deck cricket, &c.—were indulged in by those athletically inclined in the fore- and afternoons. After dinner bridge parties were formed and the atoms began to be attracted to their various affinities. Sweepstakes were opened on the daily run, "pink garters" gained in popularity, stories went the rounds, and an air of sociability gradually pervaded the company. Of course all this pertains to the smoke-room. I myself, besides playing bridge, began to have *tete-a-tete* conversations with other delegates, or I would join a group who looked as if they were discussing a subject of interest, which was invariably the case. Pressmen are always interesting conversationalists. In this way personalities began to stand out and become of special significance. One gentleman who had always a large audience attracted my attention. Shouts of laughter punctuated his remarks, and he soon became the centre of a large group whenever he made his appearance. He was Mr. A. B. Calder, attached to the Conference as representing the President of the C.P.R. A more finished *raconteur* I have never met. Exquisitely humorous yarns, tags of verse, tales of his own and others' experiences, witty sayings, from grave

to gay, from lively to severe, made listening to him a privilege and delight, and he had also the personal magnetism which drew the best from others and prevented a causerie becoming a one-man show. My bridge party was got together by Mr. Donald W. Vick (representing Lord Rothermere), and consisted of himself, Mr. Valentine Knapp, Mr. Philip Davis (South Africa), and Lieutenant-Commander Fletcher, who, though not of "ours," was a welcome initiate to our amusements. The Victorian is a most comfortable ship, and the officers, from Captain Waite down, did all they could for our comfort. If the menu was not special on our account I recommend it to transatlantic voyagers, and am obliged to say that the C.P.O.S. do catering in grand style. We had our morning and evening newspaper, *The North Atlantic Times*, at breakfast and dinner, and were thus kept *au courant* with the news of the world. We also, of course, were in wireless communication with land all the way, and, more, we had wireless telephony with England —the first occasion of this installation on board ship, and were privileged to listen to a concert in Cornwall when we were nearly 2,000 miles across the ocean. Of course we had a concert, and a most successful one. The dining saloon was crowded to the doors with first and second class passengers, and the programme did credit to the occasion. Mr. Calder contributed several racy stories, Lady Frank Newnes displayed great talent as a whistler in one or two classical selections, and other members of the ship's company, crew, and passengers kept the ball rolling. The smoke-room steward showed himself to be the possessor of a really robust baritone voice, and the selections and accompaniments by the ship's band were not the least enjoyable of the many items. It was, I believe, through the concert that I made the acquaintance of one of the most striking personalities (I am obliged to repeat that word) of our company, namely, that of Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, M.P. for Basingstoke. We both evidently admired a pretty face (she was a second class passenger), and our gallantry to her brought us together on deck the following morning. I shall have to mention him often before I am done, but I shall say now that he is a great "sport." Over seventy years of age, which he does not seek to disguise, he has the strength, buoyancy, virility, and vim of an average vigorous man of forty, while he does not look a day over, say, fifty-five. The

father of a family of twelve, his five sons fought through the war, one gaining the V.C. and every one earning some proud distinction. He himself filled a military position of responsibility in his district of Portsmouth, and his most recent triumph was in winning Basingstoke for the Coalition when he was not considered to have a dog's chance. He was throughout the whole tour possibly the very brightest element, and made speeches, sang songs, danced, and joined to the utmost in every phase of life in which we were engaged.

So ran the voyage, the only suggestion of gloom being the sound of the horn penetrating a fog in which we were bound for nearly three days before entering the harbour of Sydney, Cape Breton. I cannot speak too highly either of the ship or her officers or of the pleasant time we spent on board the Victorian. Of those delegates not hitherto mentioned whose acquaintance I made before landing I may mention Sir George Toulmin, M.P., Lancashire; Mr. Percy Hurd, M.P., and Mrs. Hurd; Mr. David Davis, Swansea; Mr. William Davies, Cardiff (all of whom sat at the table with me in the dining saloon); Sir Campbell Stuart, the *Times;* Mr. Crosbie Roles, hon. secretary of the Empire Press Union; and Captain H. E. Turner, secretary; Mr. Harold Harmsworth, Mr. Walter Jeffrey, Sydney; Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. James Henderson, *Belfast News-Letter;* Mr. R. A. Anderson, *Irish Homestead;* Mr. P. J. Hooper, *Freeman's Journal;* Mr. John Sherlock, official reporter; Mr. William Maxwell, Aberdeen; and Mr. Ernest Woodhead, *Huddersfield Examiner.* Of course I became on easy terms with many others later on, whose names will occur from time to time. Not the least interesting of our cross-Atlantic functions were the preliminary meetings to prepare several points for submission to the Conference. These meetings were held in the smoke-room, and we had our first experience of Lord Burnham as a chairman. Need it be said that a more ideal President could not be conceived? Wide knowledge of everything pertaining to a newspaper, long experience, ability to grasp an idea quickly, infinite tact, and that genial type of dignity which commands respect and admiration at the same time—these are qualities which Lord Burnham possesses to the full, with what is also of great importance: a reliable memory for faces and names. Quite a good deal of important business was got through,

in which Mr. Robert Donald, *Yorkshire Observer*, President of the Empire Press Union; Sir Roderick Jones, Reuters; and other important delegates took part.

We are now through the fog at last, and on the morning of Tuesday, 27th July, we sighted land. The weather was glorious, with bright sunshine and calm sea. As we steamed up the entrance to the Harbour of

Sydney

we were all keen on imbibing our first taste of Canada. While the Victorian moved slowly up the splendid harbour and came to her moorings we had ample time to study and appreciate the scenery around us, including about a dozen large freighters at anchor. Sydney is the industrial centre of Nova Scotia. It has a population of 25,000, of whom nearly 5,000 are employed in the great works of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, the plant of which cost 35,000,000 dollars. The town is the centre of a great coalfield, and iron, gypsum, fireclay, marble, limestone, dolomite, and silica are to be found in the vicinity, while the forests of the island contain spruce, fir, hemlock, beech, maple, and birch. We were informed later on by some of the citizens that there is a great opening at Sydney for the development of the woollen industry. On landing, the delegates were formed in a long semicircle and photographed; the result, which was ready on the train that same evening, is one of the best groups I have ever seen, every member of the party, which was, I believe, complete, coming out clearly, with a striking background of Sydneyites, the landing-stage, and the harbour. We were then taken in motor cars round the town, ending at the pretty club-house of the Sydney Yacht Club, which possesses several fine racing and pleasure craft. On the club balcony, as I stood looking out on the pleasant waters, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Llewelyn O. Thomas, finding an immediate link of association in the fact that he had been for four years one of the masters of Dungannon Royal School, under Mr. R. F. Dill, M.A., and that we had several mutual friends. Thomas and I were pals from that moment, but I did not see as much of him as I would have liked, as he was not on my train. A pretty lunch served in one of the buildings on the main street by the local branch of The Daughters of Empire, at which our first official welcome was

tendered, occupied an hour or so, after which a large number went to inspect the steel works. Some enthusiasts went off to golf, while I attached myself to Harold Harmsworth and Donald Vick and proceeded to " do" the town. Doing the town meant buying and writing postcards, strolling about, having afternoon tea, taking snapshots, and talking to the people. Vick fell a victim—excuse the pun—to the poker machines in the tobacco shops, trying his luck at one establishment after another, without ever getting a hand—an easy method of dropping a few quarters. A courteous citizen saved his pocket by inviting us for a motor run to a hill from which a grand view of the city and harbour was enjoyed. It was this same cit. who told us of the fortune awaiting the investment of capital in a woollen factory and other local facts. We were due to leave by train at 6.30 and 7 p.m., and our time was nearly up, so we were deposited at the railway station, where our trains awaited us.

The Trains.

I shall save a lot of subsequent explanation by giving now a description of the trains and the arrangements for our comfort and convenience respecting our accommodation on them. We were, nominally, the guests of the Associated Press of Canada, but in reality I imagine our actual hosts were the Canadian Government and the C.P.R. The trains now to be boarded were a C.P.R. (No. 1) and a C.N.R. (No. 2). Number 1 was red, and led the way West by half-an-hour. Number 2 was black, and, being constructed of steel, soon acquired the title of " Tin Lizzie." The party was divided between the two trains, and I was, to my satisfaction for several reasons, on No. 2. The arrangements, menu, &c., on each train were exactly similar, so a description of T.L. will cover both. She consisted of the enormous engine, baggage car, coach for attendants, diner, seven sleepers, and a rear coach (drawing-room, library, writing, and observation). It was " a long, long way" from the rear coach to the diner. Each " sleeper" contained two staterooms, twelve double (*i.e.*, upper and lower) berths, smoke-room, &c. The menu was choice, varied, and plentiful, and the attendance perfect. We soon found it necessary to limit " check orders," as the dishes consisted of portions much too large for single consumption. Attached to our party were the train captain, Mr. W. J.

Taylor (representing the Canadian Press); Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. M'Pherson, M.L.A., and Mr. M. R. Jennings (Canadian Press representatives); Captain T. L. M'Evoy (assistant secretary, Canadian Press); Mr. C. K. Howard (train director) and his secretary, Mr. M. F. Moore; Mr. W. C. Potts (railway official); Mr. P. Sherrin (Government Information); Miss F. Thompson (nurse), and Mr. D. Strachan (baggage master). Dr. Ross was, with Nurse Schnieder, in the other train. We had also a stenographer at our constant service. Number 2 coach on our train was the "Londonderry," but I resided in "Louisbourg," and very comfortable I was. If the "dark" porters who attended to us on T.L. are average examples of the attendants on the C.N.R. trains travellers are to be envied. Our boy, Henry, was all that could be wished in every respect, and I believe the same may truthfully be said of every one of the porters on our train. I wish Henry the best of luck. We were at no charge whatever for anything on the trains. Laundry, clothes repair and attention, postage on letters, even telegrams, were attended to by our hosts. A morning and evening News Bulletin was supplied to every member. At every city *en route* the morning and evening newspapers were distributed through the trains. Handsome booklets descriptive of each locality were provided as we arrived, and when we moved from train to hotel our hotel room number and key were handed to each of us before arrival, so that all trouble was avoided. My coach was No. 6, section 8, and there was my home. The Louisbourg passengers never at any time occupied all the berths. The upper berths were never used. The staterooms changed tenants frequently—one was occupied during the journey West by Mr. Isaacs, one of the Labour delegates, and his wife and baby before referred to. The other was occupied by Mrs. Lansell and Miss Neill, and later on by Mr. and Mrs. Penn. Major Lansell represented the *Bendigo Advertiser*, Australia, and his lady was accompanied by her friend, Miss L. Neill, who was, with the exception of Miss Billington and Agnes Powell (in her early 'teens), our only young lady. She was for that reason, but even more so for her own attractions, a highly-cherished item on our little list. Occasionally over-fatigued and home-sick, she was invariably bright and agreeable, entering with zest into all our programme and

having a good time. Mrs. Lansell, a young bride, was also deadly keen on seeing the whole show, and shamed the men more than once by her energy and enthusiasm. I rather envied Major Lansell when I came to be more acquainted with his mode. Evidently not fully recovered from wound or shell-shock, he had almost wide-world experience of travel and knew the ropes thoroughly. He never seemed to be hurried, or embarrassed with luggage. Always cool, in appearance at all events, and taking things quietly, he at the same time was always there and quietly in the van. Looking towards the engine, the left side of No. 6 was occupied by Mr. Potts, Mr. J. D. Williams, Swansea, and Mr. R. J. Arnott, *Canada*, London, leaving three empty berths, one of which was occupied from time to time by district superintendents or other guests. The right side accommodated Mr. H. Horton, *New Zealand Herald*; Mr. Walter Jeffrey, *Evening News*, Sydney, Australia, and myself. The satisfactory thing to me was that the berth opposite mine was empty the whole time, thanks, I believe, to Henry. I had thus both sides of the coach to myself and plenty of room for my things.

As I reached my compartment on the evening of that very full day, I felt glad to find myself in a more or less permanent nest. A stranger was sitting with a pile of printed matter around him in No. 6 berth (each berth could be fitted with a table when required). Of course I must needs worry an already busy man with a lot of ignorant questions; but my man was not easily annoyed. A ready, civil, and full reply was always forthcoming, and this silly tenderfoot was shamed into silence. The scribe was Captain M'Evoy, who little knew then what he was in for, or what a lot of inconsiderate, insistent, inexperienced, and troublesome travellers whose wants he had to satisfy and for whose personal comfort he had taken on responsibility. But he came through with colours flying, never turned a hair, heaped coals of fire on the heads of his tormentors, and gained the affection, admiration, and respect of all. He was at the beck and call of everybody, he was chased from pillar to post by Tom, Dick, and Harry, he was questioned and importuned, he was harried and overburdened, and he seemed to like it. Nor did it prevent him after an arduous day, on top of other arduous days, joining in the gaiety of the smoke-room and con-

tributing his bit to the general fund of amusement. I have seen him fall dead asleep in his chair in a crowded hotel bedroom from utter fatigue in the wee sma' hours of the morning and be up and smiling the earliest at breakfast, looking as fresh as paint. More power and long life to him.

Mr. Walter Jeffrey, who occupied No. 9 berth, next to mine, was another admirable personality. I first marked him as a "good one" in the Victoriar smoke-room. Unconventional and easy in his rig-out, with his never-cold pipe in his mouth, his fluent voice carried beyond those he addressed and brought me in to listen to him. His hobby lay in compiling the history of the British Navy in its connection with Australia, and he is considered a mine of information on that subject. This brought him into close contact with the Admiralty during the war, and he had many interesting things to say. As a keen, clever, and experienced newspaper man he was also worth hearing, and, in fact, no matter what his talk was about, and his range was wide—you could set him on about anything—he never failed to hold our attention. And yet he was a modest, unassuming, and kindly man, and hated prominence or the limelight. I could not read a book if he was yarning in my vicinity; I must lay it down to lend my ear. Good old Uncle Jeff. Mr. Arnott occupied the berth opposite to him. He was quite familiar with Canada, as might be expected from his position as Editor of the magazine of that name. A very keen young writer, who always had his facts at his finger ends he answered my questions and corrected my mistakes with courtesy and goodwill. Mr. J. D. Williams, the Welshman, was jocular and, when not absorbed in writing to Mrs. Williams, a good conversationalist. He "took charge" of Uncle Jeff off the trains and at the hotels, so that, though by no means what the name suggests, the twain could not escape the title of a certain film by Bud Fisher which enjoys continuous popularity. Mr. Horton and I, being about the same age and equally keen on golf, were not long in coming to an understanding. He hailed from Auckland, and did not do the whole journey with us, having crossed Canada already *en route* to London, where Mrs. Horton had been left behind. I shall always look back with pleasure to my short but very enjoyable acquaintance with him. He is a zealous New Zealander, with a great belief in the future of that

colony, particularly as a producer of dairy foods. His companionship was most pleasant and agreeable, and I was sorry when he left us. Such were my fellow-pilgrims on Louisbourg, Coach No. 6; and as, after dinner, we regained our various sections, and as we looked out upon the passing scenery, real Fenimore Cooper-land of wooded hills and peaceful lakes, with now and again a canoe being propelled over the glassy surface, past pretty islets and shady dells, one of the most gorgeous sunsets I have ever seen, with marvellous colourings of crimson, purple, and deep blue spread its radiant beauty before our ravished eyes—we could say with heartfelt emotion, " We are indeed in Canada."

Halifax.

We awoke next morning at Halifax, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and after breakfast we were motored to the Legislative Building, where we were formally received by the Governor and the Premier of Nova Scotia. Lord Burnham delivered his first formal reply, which was impressive and suitable to the occasion. The assembly hall was packed with residents and delegates, and I was rather engaged in finding my atmosphere than in listening to the orations. It seemed to me a very representative British crowd, such as one would expect to meet in a large English provincial town. As I was looking round me and mentally summing up the general tone of the assembly, I happened to be standing near to Mr. J. W. Kirwan, M.L.C., *Kalgoorlie Miner*, Australia. His name was called for a speech, and he appeared to be taken quite by surprise. I deeply sympathised with him, as it was certainly an ordeal to be asked at a moment's notice to address such a gathering. Mrs. Kirwan seemed to be anxious, but her husband walked up to the dais and without any nervousness or embarrassment made an exceedingly neat and effective speech which drew forth my admiration. I felt very sympathetic towards him, and from then on I had a liking for him. His acquaintance increased it, and always whenever I came in contact either with him or his wife we were on very agreeable and happy terms. Mr. Kirwan struck me as one who was able to form a very correct and sensible opinion on any question, and had a charming and easy manner which showed him to be a man of wide experience and of great capacity for dealing with public affairs. The official programme was a visit to the shipyards, but some

of us thought otherwise. Mr. David Davis and Mr. Horton proposed golf, which pleased my fancy. We therefore went to the train and changed, crossed the harbour by ferry (one of those big, broad boats which have a deck for lorries, motor cars, &c., as well as passenger decks), Mr. Davis having snared a host for our party. During the *traget* we were shown where the Mont Blanc lay which exploded and caused so much damage during the war, killing 2,000 people and destroying millions worth of property. There are lots of interesting things which might be said of Halifax: its great harbour (from which the Canadian war forces transhipped to England) and its historic associations with the British Army and Navy; but as I am only dealing with my personal experiences all such things must be omitted. Another motor car awaited us on landing, and we soon arrived at the Golf Club. Here we also found Mr. J. O'B. Saunders, *The Englishman*, Calcutta (a very fine chap indeed, who with his young and pretty wife were prominent figures on the ship). Mr. Anderson and one or two others. This being my first visit to a Canadian golf club I anticipated an interesting day, and was not disappointed. The land rises more or less abruptly from both sides of the harbour, the city being built upon a slope, but the rise is steeper on the opposite side, and our car climbed its way up until, when we arrived at the club-house, we were at a considerable elevation, where a pretty view is obtainable from the verandah. The difference between golf clubs at home and in Canada is that here men and women are strictly divided into two classes, neither privileged to infringe upon the rights of the other, whereas in Canada the club is a social centre where both sexes meet and where the course is merely one of several forms of amusement. Ladies were presiding at tea-tables when we arrived, and light refreshments were obtainable from our gracious hostesses all the afternoon. They were all much pleased with our visit and ready to discuss any subject of general interest. The Canadian lady generally is, as far as my observation went, very independent in mind, and, while keen on sport, she takes an intelligent interest in public and international affairs, and is most pleasant to converse with. But we were out for golf, and I was sent off with a player about my own handicap. We played 18 holes over links cut out of the virgin forest

with more than enough trouble of every kind and a certainty of a lost ball as punishment for a bad slice or pull. I lost only one ball, but my partner left three behind him, costing him four dollars five cents (one dollar thirty-five cents per ball). However, he did not appear to mind, and, apart from the golf, it was most delicious to be out in the pleasant, if warm, sunshine, inhaling the perfume of the pine-trees and enjoying the splendid scenery. My partner or opponent was a most genial and friendly soul, and gave me a very delightful time. It was rather late when I reached the train, and I felt, being fairly tired, disinclined to go out again ; but those who did not go to golf were having a great time at the Waegwoltic Club, an aquatic society which provided canoeing, dancing, band-concert, and other delights. Miss Neill was full of enthusiasm about the ripping evening she had put in. But one cannot do everything.

On the way back across the harbour one of our local hosts discussed the burning question of Prohibition with us. The subject was raised everywhere we went, so I shall say what I have to say about it now and dismiss it for good. Canada (the province of Quebec excepted) enjoys the benefits of Prohibition—that is, alcoholic liquor may not be sold in public hotels, bars, &c. So far so good. But every person in Canada who wants liquor and can afford to do so can get it and use it, at considerably less cost than it can be purchased here. The result is that Canada is by no means dry. If some inconvenience is suffered in not being able to get a drink any time one wants one, this is made up for by a freer use in private, as there is a certain satisfaction in using it under the circumstances. Those who cannot afford to import it resort to smuggling, and a great deal of " boot-legging" is carried on, and must cost the Government a heavy sum per annum in endeavouring to put down illegitimate trading. But it is got—that is, poisonous stuff is secretly circulated and drunk, to the degradation and ruin of the users. Besides that, I was assured, and I believe it, that the so-called non-alcoholic drinks will not bear close analysis, and that very corrupt trading is the outcome of their manufacture. So whether Prohibition is a benefit or otherwise to Canada remains an open question. In one of the new towns that I visited my host pointed out the gaol, and said it was now practically closed, and



H. Harmsworth. D. W. Vick.

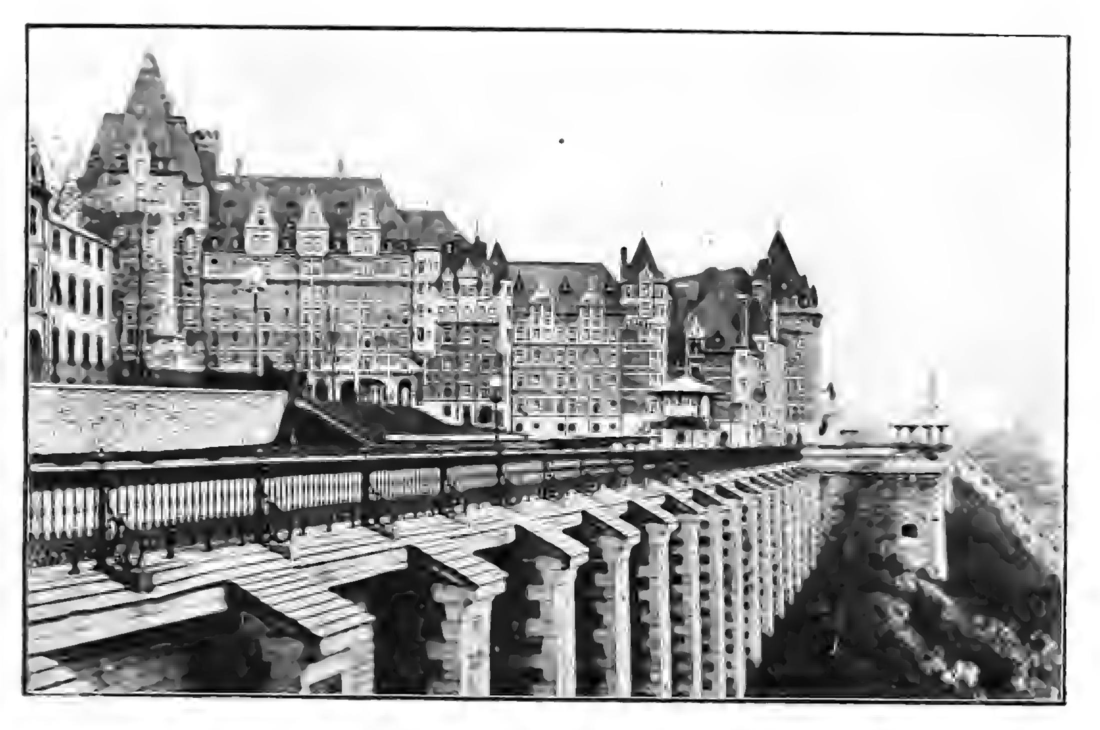


W. Makepeace Observation Car, C.N.R. P. Sherrin.

HALIFAX N.S.



UNVEILING STATUE OF "EVANGELINE," AT GRAND PRE. *Page 17.*



Hotel Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

that the building was used for municipal purposes; but in a public bar the same evening I saw five customers, all in various stages of intoxication, which gave me muchly to think. Of course there is another side to the argument.

Kentville, Wolfville, and Grand Pre.

Thursday, 29th July, was a full, varied, and interesting day. On arriving at Kentville (3,000) motor cars awaited us and we had a most enjoyable drive, first through the grounds of a Government experimental farm and later through the Annapolis and Cornwallis Valleys, past miles and miles of fruitful orchards, and productive farms of mixed agriculture. The apples produced here are famous and very abundant, and in addition grapes, pears, plums, cherries, melons, and peaches are grown. The farms are prosperous, and we could not but express our admiration of the beautiful and comfortable homes of the holders of the soil. The valleys are well watered, and consist largely of dyke-land recovered from the rivers, which have a rise and fall of from 40 to 60 feet. A recent discovery of potash in considerable quantity in the vicinity is certain to prove a great boon to the farmers, and possibly to other countries. Wolfville is the seat of Acadia University, and from here, having stopped for a while to look at the buildings and enjoy a superb view, we proceeded to Grand Pre, the district immortalised by Longfellow in his beautiful poem "Evangeline." On the way we were privileged to enter an ancient place of worship, said to have been built before the banishment, and reminding one strongly of the architecture as produced in the staging of the popular play "Abraham Lincoln." A generously spaced public park is being formed at Grand Pre. Here is the old well, as in the days of the early colonists, with other historical legacies, and in an imposing position has been erected a beautiful statue in bronze, representing Evangeline leaving her home, but looking backward with regret at the scenes of her childhood. The memorial reflects the artistic genius of two Canadian sculptors, Pierre and Henri Herbert, father and son. Herbert senior conceived the idea and designed the model, leaving the statue itself to be finished by his son. Each delegate received a replica of this memorial before sailing for home. The committee awaited the coming of Lady Burnham to unveil the

statue, a ceremony in which she was assisted by the President of the University and Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., and which was most impressive. An old but hale and hearty Irishman, an ex-British Navy N.C.O., took charge of me. I pointed out to him the big-wigs of our party, and he in turn introduced me to the rector and his son and told me many interesting facts about the locality. The reverend gentleman was much concerned about the state of Ireland, and his son, a fine type of youthful manhood, just lately demobilised, expressed himself as being very hopeful of a cricket team that he had got together.

Truro.

We were received by the civic authorities at Truro (7,000), and were motored around that very pretty town. What struck us most about Truro, which is characteristic of all the smaller towns also, was the lovely unfenced gardens running down to the public road, and the grassy walks adjoining the footpaths. Canadians take a great pride in keeping their homes beautiful, and all sorts of flowers can be grown practically on the street, without any danger of interference or theft.

St. John, New Brunswick.

Part of the original scheme was a tour through Prince Edward Island, but the delay in the sailing of the Victorian obliged our hosts to omit it. We arrived at St. John on the morning of Friday, July 30, and after breakfast proceeded to our hotel. We were all looking forward to a bath, but only a few were successful in getting one. I gave up my chance to a lady and did without. The name of St. John (60,000) was very familiar to me as that of a port having a long connection with the timber trade of Derry. A sail round the harbour was, therefore, a treat. The weather was lovely, and as we passed the busy quays and towards the mouth of the St. John River, with its celebrated "Reversing" Falls (where the river falls into the harbour at low tide, and the ocean-driven waters fall into the river basin at high tide), and viewed the fine traffic bridge and railway cantilever bridge which span the river, the whole scene was full of interest. My personal recollection of St. John, however, attaches itself to Mr. Bob Patterson, to whose genial and friendly escort and companionship I owed a most delightful afternoon and evening. After a civic luncheon he took me by automobile to the Golf and Country Club, which

is one of the most handsome and commodious buildings of its kind in Canada, while the verandah overlooks a view simply perfect in beauty. In the foreground is the broad St. John river—"The Rhine cf America"—backed by a noble range of mountain. The golf course is one of the best, as usual hewn out of the forest, and Bob gave me a proper trouncing. On returning to the club-house we had a useful appetite for the dainty and neatly-served repast provided for our nourishment. Later on the general room was cleared for dancing. I had no shoes but for golf, so I was not having any, but I looked on for some time, and though there were many pretty young *Canadiennes* in gossamer gowns, who danced with nymph-like ease, for figure, grace, and style our English Lady Roderick Jones had no rival. Looking on at other people enjoying themselves is no great catch, so I again availed myself cf Bob Patterson and his auto and sought the reposeful shade of T.L., car 6, sec. 8. A long tour of such a large party as ours could not fail to have its tragic element, either within itself or on its course. One tragedy had actually happened. Just half-an-hour before T.L. arrived at St. John a passenger train was in collision with a goods train, and the driver and two other men on the former were killed. The fireman escaped by jumping off, and the driver could have done so too, but he sacrificed his life for the passengers by holding on to apply the safety brake. Our trains were got past the obstructed portion of the line on temporary rails which were laid in an incredibly short time.

Fredericton.

We spent about five hours at Fredericton (8,000) next day, July 31st, during which period I, with one or two others, was in charge of Colonel Ford and his son. Our first experience was a run up the river to see one of the great log rafts being separated into lots, according to owner, and re-formed. The collection of logs or trees, about eight or nine inches in diameter, almost the width of the river, was formed into a sort of raft with chains. The logs were marked according to whence they came. A narrow plank made it possible to get out on the raft, and most of us ventured. Lady Jones, however, was not content, but, stepping from tree to tree, crossed over to the other side. Not to be left behind by his wife, Sir Roderick was obliged to follow, much to the amuse-

ment of the onlookers, including the raftsmen. We then proceeded on a drive through the town, which, like Truro, has pretty shady streets and lovely unfenced gardens. Amongst the dwellings pointed out to us were the early homes of the present Marchioness of Donegall and of Lord Ashburnham. The latter resided in a modest frame house (most of the houses in Canada are built of wood) on the outskirts of Fredericton until he fell into the title and family estates, which he never expected to inherit. On our way back to the train a thunderstorm suddenly broke overhead, and although it did not last long it was more terrible in its nature than those we are accustomed to at home. The brilliant day grew dark ; the peals of thunder were like sharp gunfire close above us, and the lightning, of the forked variety, made dazzling play in the heavens. Then we observed a large barn near the railway on fire, and it made a great blaze. However, we were soon under shelter, and the storm had passed over in the few minutes we had to wait before our time of departure. It was while at this station that I first spoke to Mr. C. K. Howard, the C.N.R. director of our train. Charlie, as his friends called him, was there to see us right in every way, and well he did his duty. It is impossible to convey any adequate conception of his numerous responsibilities. Our trains had to run together with the usual traffic; they had to arrive and "pull out" at fixed hours; they had to be conveniently side-lined for our use; and he was responsible for the safety and comfort of ourselves and our belongings. It must be remembered that we were out to learn everything and see everything, and Mr. Howard was told off to make this possible and pleasant. He was always there, and from first to last there was not a single hitch, no matter on what line we were running. Besides all this, he was constantly bombarded with questions and could invariably satisfy his examiner. He frequently acted as host to me in his own stateroom, was a regular attender at our nightly convivialities, a charming companion, and one of the very best I ever met.

I remember that night very well There is a long run between Fredericton and Quebec, and we passed a good portion of it at the rear of the train in the open observation compartment. There were present Mr. James H. Woods, of Calgary; Mr. A. Bartolo, Malta; Sir A. Holbrook, Mr. Vick, Mr.

Mitchell, myself, and some ladies. We began with choruses and kept up a sing-song for quite a long time. Bartolo preferred operatic songs, Vick knew all the up-to-date music-hall ditties, while Holbrook and I kept at the old "footer" choruses. Mr. Woods, with a strong though melodious voice, added volume to the sound and seemed to enjoy the songs, especially "The long, long trail."

Quebec.

Approaching Quebec (120,000), the capital of French Canada, on the following morning, Sunday, August 1, we were all on the *qui vive* to see the great bridge spanning the St. Lawrence. Mr. Howard was in attendance with the usual information, and gave us an interesting description of the two accidents in fitting the centre piece, which, it will be remembered, twice fell into the river, with considerable loss of life. New sections had to be built after each disaster. The bridge is 3,240 feet long and is 150 feet above high water. On reaching the city we were motored to the Hotel Chateau Frontenac. This splendid hotel occupies a grand position on a height overlooking and commanding what is said to be the finest hotel view in the world. The building is most handsome and striking from an architectural point of view, with a broad terrace in front, and is at present being considerably enlarged to provide for the immense tourist traffic which it enjoys. The city lies spread beneath, and the broad St. Lawrence, with its varied shipping, forms a noble prospect. Having secured our rooms and luggage, we were prepared for sight-seeing in the first of the big centres. Ample arrangements had been made for us in this respect, and the weather was perfect for the open. The first and most interesting item on our itinerary was an inspection of the Heights of Abraham. To my great satisfaction, our local hosts had obtained the services of a retired British officer resident at Quebec and a recognised authority upon the history of the city and the British conquest of Canada. It is a matter of deep regret to me that I did not take a note of that officer's name, as I formed a very high opinion of him and a great respect for his character Imagine us in a group surrounding an ancient cannon, the muzzle of which pointed river-wards over an old bastion, listening to our lecturer as he described and pointed out the movements of the forces under Montcalm and Wolff on

that eventful night when the town was taken and the French compl tely cut off from all the rest of Canada. The speaker laid great stress upon the fact that it was not the army, but British sea-power, which made the conquest possible, and also proved that Montcalm was a great soldier, and that his failure and defeat were due, not to any fault or want of foresight or precaution on his part, but to the stubbornness and jealousy of the Governor, who deliberately thwarted him in his plans. Montcalm had foreseen that Wolff would make an attempt at the very spot where he succeeded, and had sent a force to guard it, but the Governor, with the remark that "the British are not eagles," sent the force back again and left the place without even a sentry, to be scaled by the British soldiers. Our historian laughed at the legend that Wolff told an officer in his boat that he would rather have written "Gray's Elegy" than take Quebec, but he said he believed Wolff did recite some verses from the poem, possibly with a premonition of his coming death, and particularly the stanza:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Other historic scenes were also pointed out to us connected with the four battles of Quebec and the places where Wolff, Montcalm, and, later on, Montgomery, fell.

In the afternoon we were taken on motor cars through the city, and to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre and the Montmorency Falls, which are well worth seeing. The driver of the car on which I was a passenger turned out to be a Belfastman, Mr. R. L. Jess, who is the manager of the Quebec Cartage and Transfer Company. This was happy for me, as we talked together all the way, he pointing out the various buildings of importance and telling me many things about the population—for example, that French Canadians believe in having large families, generally from twelve to twenty children. The Roman Catholic churches and church buildings are prominent features of the town, which is very old-fashioned, with narrow streets, except in the newer districts. Our stay at Quebec outward was limited to one day, as the delegates would be there for most of a week on the

return journey; but that night we had the first of our many banquets, being ourselves the hosts on the occasion. Our guests were the officers of the Victorian, which was now berthed at the quay, and the Canadian Press, and we spent a very enjoyable evening. On coming out from the dining-room I was delighted to be greeted by Maurice Scott, one of Mr. George J. Scott's sons. We had a long yarn. He is employed in the Engineering Department of the C.N.R. at Winnipeg, but was then at Quebec superintending the building of some locomotives. Maurice served with the Canadian forces during the war, and had considerable difficulty in getting reinstated in his former position. I was greatly pleased and cheered to see a home face.

Grand'mere.

We reached Grand'mere (9,000) at noon on August 2, and spent a couple of very interesting hours there. The place is named from an enormous boulder which was taken from the river and placed in the centre of the town. All the inhabitants of this ideal township are the workers in the Laurentide Pulp and Paper Mills and their families. It reminded me of Sion Mills on a grand scale. The situation is beautiful, on the banks of the St. Maurice River. The homes are charming and looked their best in the warm sunshine. The town band, in brilliant uniforms, was playing in a pretty park as we detrained; and as an example of the care taken by the company to provide sport and exercise for the workers, the golf links cost 50,000 dollars yearly in maintenance, while the subscriptions only amount to 2,000 dollars. The putting greens are the best I have ever seen. Several of the management took the delegates over the mills in groups, my party having the good fortune to be shown around by the architect, Mr. Tipton, who proved a most agreeable and instructive guide. L. O. Thomas and I were together on this occasion, which added to my pleasure, as, being an engineer himself, besides something of a chemist, he was able to draw out technical information and reduce it to my powers of understanding. The river flows down in great volume, bringing the logs to a basin, from which they are taken by machinery, cut into lengths of about four feet, and piled into great hills of timber. A strong volume of the current is diverted into the power-house and turns enormous turbines, which

develop a force of 350,000 h.p. The small lengths of logs are run into tumbrils, which remove the bark; they are then ground between heavy cylinders of stone into pulp, which is again reduced to a liquid state and mixed with sulphate. The mixture becomes whitish, and is conducted into the paper-making machines, gradually dried and rolled, and finally emitted in large reels of news paper. Everything is reduced to the limit of convenience, including railway vans, which are prepared on the premises for the reception of the reels and their transmission to the user in perfect condition. The Laurentide Mills have an output of 120 tons per day.

Montreal.

Montreal (775,000), the largest city of Canada, was reached on the morning of August 3rd. Our party was divided, those of No. 1 train being housed at the Ritz Carlton, while we put up at the Windsor. We were now at the headquarters of the Canadian Press, the president of which organisation (Lord Atholstan), proprietor of the *Montreal Star*, became our host during our visit. We were under a heavy debt of gratitude to the staff of the *Star* Office, who, under the direction of Mr. C. F. Crandle, hon. secretary of the Canadian Press Executive, took charge of our mails and handled them so successfully that we always had our letters, &c., at the earliest possible moment. It was a very onerous task capably and systematically carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned. The forenoon was spent driving round this great city. It is located on an island thirty-two miles long and from four to eight miles wide, at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and the buildings rise up the slopes of Mont Royal, a beautiful view being enjoyed by residents of the suburbs. After driving through the business part we were taken around the outskirts and shown many notable buildings. The motor cars set us down at the highest point of the city boundary, from where we were conveyed in horse cabs through and up the grounds of the grandly-wooded Mont Royal Park until we reached the Look Out. Here we were entertained to a sumptuous luncheon, and made the acquaintance of several local magnates, to the accompaniment of the oratory to which we were becoming accustomed. The view from the summit of Mont Royal Park fully equals that from the

Chateau Frontenac, and gives the observer a fair idea of the size of Canada's business capital. After lunch, Thomas and I decided to descend on foot, which, by taking narrow downward paths, was not a fatiguing walk. We were now at that stage of intimacy when we could talk of personal matters and become more or less confidential, and so we had plenty to say to each other. I visited one of his relatives with him at one of the busy city offices, where views on politics, local and home, were exchanged, and so forth. The celebrated M'Gill University during the afternoon conferred the degree of LL.D. upon several of the delegates, including Lord Burnham, Sir Harry Briton, and Mr. R. S. Ward Jackson, Editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, Johannesburg. I should have mentioned that the other occupants of the cab in which we drove through Mont Royal Park were Sir George Toulmin and Mr. Valentine Knapp. Each of these gentlemen was well versed in forest lore, and I listened with pleasure to them as they picked out and discussed the variety and nature of the trees and shrubs on our line of route. I did not attend the ceremony at the University further than to walk through the buildings, but made one of a party who were motored to the Montreal County Club, where I played a match with my friend Mr. Horton, of Auckland, and won on my handicap. Two local members accompanied us round the course, and we had a pleasant conversation with them. The links were fine, and beautifully laid out in the heart of the forest. That night, at the Ritz Carlton, was to be the occasion of Lord Atholstan's formal banquet, *the* feature in the dining line of the tour. Formal evening dress was, of course, *de rigour*, and on getting to my room at the Windsor, which I occupied in company with my friend Mr. Selig, I found the dear old chap in a state of great embarrassment. He had letters of introduction to two or three members of the Government, and was most anxious to attend the banquet, but one of his trunks containing his dinner clothes could not be found. Ultimately, by buying various articles and by borrowing, he faced the gathering in a rather mixed costume, including a pair of navy blue trousers. It was very annoying to him, and I could not help sympathising with him, and his vexation was great when the missing trunk came forward to him at Ottawa, it having been at the Windsor all the time. The

banquet was a great affair, the large room at the Ritz Carlton being handsomely decorated, while the tables were richly adorned with exquisite taste in flowers. Lord Atholstan presided, and a splendid band performed all the national airs appropriate to the company, which included representatives of the Press of the U.S. As each air was played coloured lights threw into graceful and striking prominence the appropriate national flag, amid resounding plaudits. The gallery overlooking the hall was crowded with ladies, and, taken all together, it was a triumphant success. The speakers were also worthy of the occasion, and two of them will remain in my memory as outstanding after-dinner orators—a French Canadian, M. Fernand Rinfret, M.P., and Mr. Stephen Leacock, the author-humorist, one speech being real eloquence and the other genuine wit. I was amazed to learn in the course of the programme that 75 per cent. of the capital of the Canadian pulp industry is U.S. money. I spent most of the following morning in a round of the shops, visiting the great stores of Goodwin, Morgan, and Alway; but Captain M'Evoy advised me to defer purchasing anything until later on. At luncheon next day in the Windsor we were the guests of the Canadian Club of Montreal, at which Sir Gilbert Parker was the guest *par excellence*, and delivered an impressive address. The Canadian Club, which has branches in all the big cities, is one of the features of Canadian city life. There is a weekly meeting, addressed either by a visitor of note or a prominent member, and the *raison d'etre* of the club is to stimulate Canadian thought in the great world enterprises and to knit closer Canada's connection with the Motherland. The membership must be very large, as the attendance at all the club gatherings we attended from place to place left no seat unfilled, and often members had to stand in considerable numbers around the exits. The Canadian Club is an institution to which I wish all prosperity.

St. Anne's.

Old T.L. pulled out from Montreal at 3.30 p.m. on August 4th for the journey to Ottawa. *En route* we stopped from four o'clock until nearly seven o'clock at St. Anne's, where we inspected, and had afternoon tea at, the MacDonald Agricultural College. This is one of the many colleges

in which are taught farming, fruit and flower growing, and everything connected with life on the land. The college possesses handsome buildings and lovely wooded grounds, sloping down to a pretty lake. The funds which built, equipped, and maintain this and several other similar institutions come from Sir W. C. MacDonald, of Montreal, a wealthy manufacturer of tobacco. principally of the chewing variety, as a Canuck informed me. To a better purpose it could not have been applied, as results are now showing, and will do so more and more as the country progresses. There were many local visitors, including ladies, awaiting us where tea and other refreshments were ready on tables on the lake shore. Here I was introduced to Sir William Taylor, manager of the head office of the Bank of Montreal (whose family originally occupied Buncrana Castle), the president of the College, and other prominent personages. Mr. James Henderson made me acquainted with the Rev. Joseph Lowry, a Presbyterian minister hailing from Crossgar, county Down, who preserves his North of Ireland accent and type, notwithstanding twenty-five years' residence in his adopted country.

Ottawa.

Arriving at Ottawa, Ontario (100,000), the Legislative Capital of Canada, on the same evening, we walked from Union Station through a long enamelled brick subway, under one of the city squares, to the Chateau Laurier, our hotel. The Chateau Laurier is one of the largest, most beautiful, and most comfortable hotels not only in Canada but in North America. It is one of the architectural beauties of a most beautiful city, and here we were more than comfortable for the next three days. My bedroom was a sweet apartment, with a charming outlook, and here I determined to have a pleasant time. My first business after breakfast on Thursday, August 5th. was to change one of my letters of credit at the Bank of Montreal, and in doing so discovered that £10 had depreciated in value by four dollars since leaving the ship. Even at that rate—40 dollars 25 cents for £10—I would have saved a good deal of money if I had cashed another £50, as the pound sterling depreciated steadily during the remainder of my visit. The Bank is just opposite the Parliament Buildings, the venue of our Conference, and I proceeded there forthwith.

I should like to convey some idea to those who follow these very scrappy notes of the beauty and impressive dignity of my surroundings as I emerged from the Bank on this morning. It was a blazingly hot day, and the noble avenue skirting the Government grounds glowed in the brilliant sunshine. In front of me stretched the railings inside of which, on a dominating hill, are built the Westminster of Canada with its adjoining Public Offices. To the right, at the lower end of the avenue, is a handsome square, of which the Chateau Laurier and the pillared Greek structure of the Union Station form two sides, while all around stately and imposing buildings in white stone stand out, the whole forming a picture of wealth and grandeur worthy of any capital in the world. As I crossed the grounds to the centre pile, the new Parliament House erected to replace the edifice so ruthlessly destroyed by Britain's enemies during the war, busy workmen were still engaged upon it. A stately column is yet to be raised to form the entrance hall and clock tower. But even in its unfinished state the building is sufficiently impressive and completes the harmony of the surrounding group.

One of the commodious rooms on the first floor had been placed at the disposal of the Empire Press, and here the Conference was opened. The Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada; the Premier of the Dominion, the Right Hon. Arthur Meighan (who, by the way, is the son of a Dungiven father), and the Hon. Mackenzie King, Leader of the Opposition to the present Government, officially welcomed the delegates to Canada in hearty and suitable speeches. The Premier is a slight, straight figure, with a pale, almost ascetic face, suggestive of intellectuality, thoughtfulness, and determination. His opponent is big, burly, and masterful, with a rich, full voice. The latter seemed to be one of those public men who are always looking for a fight and enjoy it when they get it. His speech gave me a little insight into the methods of politicians in Canada, which are considerably more blunt and outspoken than they are at home. Mr. King, for example, after congratulating the Premier on the high position to which he had attained, finished by assuring him that he (Mr. King) would make it his duty, in the interests of the country, to see that he occupied that high position for the shortest possible time. He then began to criticise strongly the title of the Con-

ference, holding that it should have been called the British Press Conference, and not Imperial, and would not confess himself convinced when it was pointed out to him that the Imperial Press included members who were not British.

It is not necessary to say anything about the business transacted during the several meetings. The agenda included many items, the more important of which were the question of news supply and distribution by cable and wireless; new rules governing an increased scope and activity of the Empire Press Union; the increase of the supply of pulp wood for paper-making, &c., &c. Regarding the latter very important matter and the one in which, as the delegate representing the Irish Newspaper Society, I was most interested, we had statements from the secretary of the Pulp Producers' Association and from a Government official, Mr. John M. Imrie. The latter had been instructed to make a thoroughly impartial and full inquiry into the whole subject of supply and demand. This was the information we required, but it did not give us much consolation, for he showed in a masterly address that, partly through increased demand and cost of labour and material, and partly through the policy of the Manufacturers' Association to keep up prices, there was no hope of an improvement in the conditions of things for the next two years, notwithstanding the fact that paper was being sold at present far above the actual cost of production, after paying the makers a reasonable profit. The only other matter connected with the Conference to which I wish to refer was a speech delivered by Sir George Foster, a veteran statesman, who acted for Sir Robert Borden, then Prime Minister, when the latter was in England during the war. The subject dealt with in the speech was how best to knit up and consolidate the British Empire, and I have very seldom listened to a public speech with greater interest or pleasure.

I left the Conference on this forenoon in company with Mr. Clayton. After a short stroll we arrived at the hotel, and were met at the door by a very good-humoured local journalist, who was introduced to me as Mr. Blackrock. He had a motor car waiting and invited us to accompany him across the river to Hull, where his club was. We readily accepted his offer, and were soon comfortably housed in the club smoking-room, and also, be it

said, once more in the province of Quebec, as was evident by the number of cocktails which were materialising and disappearing. Our host had been over Ireland during the war as a member of a Canadian delegation, the duty of which was to enquire into the political condition of the country. He knew the real facts of the situation even more fully than I did. His account of interviews with Irish public men, representative of all shades of opinion, was most instructive, but the delegation had no difficulty in arriving at a true opinion as to alleged Irish grievances.

There is a pretty terrace adjoining the dining-room of the Chateau Laurier, and at afternoon tea that day I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. L. O. Thomas and two of her lady friends, all of whom were most agreeable. I had also a most pleasant experience that same night at the banquet. Our seats at table having been prearranged, just as I sat down my right-hand neighbour passed the usual compliments, and on my replying he astonished me by putting the question, "Derry or Belfast?" I said "Derry, but how are you able to hit me off so correctly?" He replied, "Oh, I come from Omagh." He then introduced himself as John Bassett, second in command of the *Montreal Gazette.* He was a bright, good-looking, clever man of about thirty years of age, and we greatly enjoyed each other's society during the dinner. I was anxious to get a really good opinion as to whether Canada offered the prospect of a successful career for a boy. He told me that his experience proved that Ulster boys of right character invariably did well in Canada, and went so far as to offer to take charge of and become responsible for the placing of one of my sons in a position offering a bright future should I decide to send one of them to Canada. After dinner he invited me, and I accompanied him, to a room upstairs, where I had the pleasure of meeting his business chief, Senator Smeaton White, to whom I took a particular fancy, and who was most genial and hospitable. Several other men were present, one of whom was the head of the Canadian Parliamentary reporting staff, and amongst the others Mr. Anderson, of the *Irish Homestead.* The conversation having turned, as it so often did, upon Ireland, the latter attacked the British Government, which, according to him, was entirely responsible for the present state of affairs. He

boasted of the recruiting in the South of Ireland. I asked him how it was they could not raise a division, and why Mr. Stephen Gwyn, Serjeant Sullivan, and others had in vain canvassed for recruits. He replied that it was altogether the fault of the War Office, and instanced the case of a friend of his who raised nearly a whole battalion, but was refused its colonelcy. I replied that sentiments such as propounded by Mr. Anderson did Irish loyalists more harm than the arguments of out-and-out Nationalists, as they led people who did not understand Irish affairs to believe there was some weight in Sinn Fein accusations. The next afternoon I had a more unpleasant experience in the same room. On coming out of the Conference Senator White very courteously showed me over the new building, introducing me to the Clerk of the House and other officials. I was particularly pleased with the dining-room. This apartment, on the uppermost floor, has graceful architectural features, with Gothic arches and pillars and deep bay windows, which command a delightful prospect of the junction of the Rideau and Ottawa rivers and a landscape of great beauty. After our inspection he again insisted upon entertaining me in his own apartment in the hotel, but to my chagrin his conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a huge giant Irishman, also a Senator, named Dr. Murphy, of Prince Edward Island, who was very bitter in his denunciation of Britain. He said that his four sons fought through the war, and spent two months in Ireland on their way home, having gone there with perfectly open minds. The result of their stay in Ireland was that everyone of them was prepared to go back again and give his life for the freedom of the Irish people, who were held by the throat (here the powerful hand imitated a throttling process in the air) by England and her cruel laws. I replied that his sons must have been fed up with fairy tales, as I had lived all my life in Ireland, under exactly the same laws as every other Irishman, and no cruel England had my throat in her grip—on the contrary, I considered that the resident in Ireland had more freedom—personal and religious liberty and free speech—than the citizen of any other country on earth, Canada itself included. As he got very violent I jokingly said I would prefer to discuss Ireland with

someone nearer my own size, and availed myself of the advent of other guests to end a very unpleasant incident. My other recollections of Ottawa consist of a very pleasant motor drive, accompanied by Thomas, around the outskirts of the city, during which my attention was directed to the great contrast between the capital and Hull, inhabited by Canadian French, which compares very unfavourably with its neighbour. Also of a visit to the cinema with Mr. and Mrs. Graham, a stroll through the brilliantly lighted streets (where richly dressed young girls promenade until a very late hour), and one or two excursions with Mr. Clayton in search of local atmosphere. Our last ceremony at Ottawa was of a very pleasant character, and consisted of a presentation to Lord Burnham. As an expression of our regard for him as chairman and as a souvenir of the trip, we gave him a handsome moose head with a 16ft. spread of antlers. The committee entrusted with the selection and purchase of a suitable gift were more than fortunate. It so happened that the best eight moose heads in Canada had been selected by the Government to be shown at the forthcoming Exhibition at Toronto. Our committee were informed that of these they could take their choice, and it may be inferred they did not take the poorest one. The presentation took place in the Palm Court at the Chateau Laurier. Mr. Robert Donald acted as chairman, and there were suitable speeches and reply. Mr. Donald referred to the enterprise of the *Daily Telegraph* as a news gatherer, and as an instance of its enterprise pointed out that it was the only London daily that did *not* give scare headings and columns of matter to the recent visit of Douglas and Mary to London.

During conversations with other delegates I found that some of them, including Messrs. Watt, Maxwell, Ollemans, and Collins, had made arrangements to go to New York on the return journey, breaking off either at Winnipeg or Toronto, spending a few days on Manhattan Island, and rejoining the party at Quebec. This set me thinking, because that course would suit me infinitely better than waiting at New York till the 25th September for my passage home. So, luckily for me as it turned out, I determined to (1) find out if I could still get a berth on the Empress of Britain ; (2) cancel my berth on the Columbia, and get a refund of the passage money,

which, of course, I had paid the Anchor Line before leaving home. Mr. H. E. Turner informed me that he could retain a berth for me on the Empress, so I at once wrote the Anchor Line, posting my letter at Grimsby on the 8th inst. The result of this will be seen later.

Niagara.

Meantime we left Ottawa at 10 p.m. on Saturday, August 7, our objective being Toronto, *en route* to Niagara. Arriving at Toronto at 8 a.m. on Sunday, the 8th, we went on board a Lake steamer, bound across Lake Ontario to the entrance to the Niagara River on the other side, a passage of about two and a-half hours, as we crossed the lake at the western end. The weather was sunny and very warm, though hazy, and the short sea trip was a pleasant change after the train. This, as I have said, was Sunday morning, and a very large crowd was taken on board. A week-end trip from Toronto to Niagara is evidently very popular. The passenger accommodation on the ship must have been up to almost two thousand. On the steamer I was pleased to meet Mr. William Campbell, who was formerly a well-known Belfast reporter on the staff of the *News-Letter.* On reaching the mouth of the Niagara our local friends pointed out to us the old fortifications on either side, one British and the other American. Niagara-on-the-Lake is a pretty village on the Canadian side. We proceeded up the river to Lewiston, N.Y., and landed on American soil. Here special trolley cars were awaiting our party, upon which we were taken up to Niagara by the Great Gorge route on rails laid close alongside the Rapids, and giving us a splendid view of those swiftly-flowing, tumultuous, and turbulent waters. When we got up near the whirlpool bend we were on the *qui vive* for a glimpse of the famous Falls, but it was only a glimpse we got. Passing through crowded Niagara town and over the bridge, we reached the Canadian side, and were deposited at Queen Victoria Park, where another large group of the party was photographed, with a very successful result. The conservators of the Park hospitably entertained us to a very elaborate luncheon, at which an important speech was delivered by the chairman of the Park Commission, Mr. P. W. Ellis, replied to most eloquently by my friend, Mr. David Davis, of Swansea, who was impressive and humorous in turn, and delighted his

audience. During the afternoon we were motored to the monument which stands on the Queenston Heights, on the top of which, 190 feet high, is a statue of Sir Isaac Brock, who saved Canada from the U.S. invasion of 1812. From there we returned to the Falls, stopping midway for the experience of crossing the aerial car over the whirlpool rapids. The Maid of the Mist took us right up to both the Canadian (158 feet) and the American Falls, and later on we visited the Cave of the Winds, where I was sorry to see that a serious accident occurred shortly after our visit. This did not exhaust our experience of Niagara, for after dinner at the Clifton Hotel we were shown various views of the Falls by cinema, and later on both of the Falls themselves were illuminated for our benefit. We were also shown the work going on in the construction of the Chippewa Canal, which diverts the Chippewa River from its natural bed to form one of the world's greatest power-development enterprises. We were also shown the Welland Canal, being constructed to connect Lakes Ontario and Erie, despite the torrents of Niagara. The power developed at Niagara makes electrical current so economical for many miles around that it is scarcely worth while ever to switch off a light, and results in brilliant public illuminations and cheap motive power. Electric power and light developed from the currents of their mighty rivers are amongst those economic advantages which other less favoured nations must envy Canada.

During the visit to Niagara I was in the company of Major and Mrs. Landsell, and Thomas which added to my appreciation of the sights. Mrs, Landsell's keen enjoyment and obvious pleasure. in the visit in a manner affected those around her and made wonders seem yet more wonderful.

Grimsby and Hamilton.

The trains having been in the meantime brought round from the other side of the Lake, we proceeded upon them next morning to Grimsby (1,800), which, though small, is a wonderful place where several industries are carried on. Here motor cars were placed at our service for a drive through this great fruit-growing district to Hamilton (108,000), a large and rapidly growing city. Unfortunately this was the first really wet morning we had, and the rain greatly interfered with our pleasure. In my motor were Sir Robert Bruce

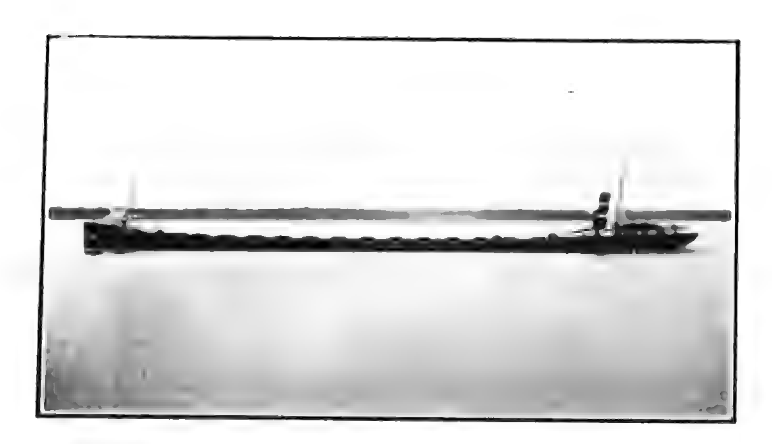
and Mr. R. S. Ward Jackson, and we all regretted the heavy downpour, none of us more so than our automobile hosts, a most genial and kindly father and son, whose disgust at the weather was expressed in forcible language. However, we saw enough to convince us of the productive character of the land. Apple and pear orchards and almost every variety of fruit were passed for miles and miles both between Grimsby and Hamilton and Hamilton and Toronto. Hamilton was so hidden in the leafy trees which line all its streets that it was difficult to realise its extent and importance, or that it is a harbour town with great shipping facilities. American capital finds here good investment in manufactures of almost every conceivable kind. Hamilton is connected with Toronto by a fifty-mile cement roadway through a populous countryside. On the way we were driven to the country home of Mr. W. J. Southam, Kingsthorpe, for luncheon, which proved to be a very enjoyable function. Mr. Southam enjoys the privilege of being one of Canada's great newspaper magnates, and it *is* something to own a great newspaper interest there. Kingsthorpe is situated in a delightful spot for a summer resort, and everything is on a magnificent scale, with gardens, tennis courts (surrounded by numerous arc lamps), &c. A large marquee stood in the grounds, where a sumptuous luncheon was served to the music of a military band, which played old English and other appropriate melodies. It was at this luncheon that I first became aware of the little idiosyncrasy of Mr. R. Snelling, *Egyptian Gazette*, Alexandria, which consisted of a pleasure in leg-pulling. He was trying it on my friend Mr. Selig with the object of making trouble between the latter and myself. *Gare* Mr. Snelling. The speeches on this occasion were lighter in tone than usual, and the Mayor of Hamilton, obviously of Irish extraction, added perhaps more than he intended to the general amusement. I met amongst the guests a Mr. Jennings, of the *Western Herald*, who informed me that his father was born in Londonderry, though he was not aware of having any relatives there. During luncheon the rain cleared off, and in brilliant sunshine we motored on to

Toronto.

Of all the cities of Canada visited during our stay Toronto certainly remains most vividly in my

mind, both for the great pleasure I had there and also for the reverse. We arrived at the King Edward Hotel, a vast hostelry, between five and six o'clock (August 9th). At Grimsby the Reception Committee had sent round the cars lovely baskets of fruit—apples, pears, plums, greengages, cherries, &c., in prime eating condition, and I had two of these scarcely touched. They were too delicious to throw away and too large for me to eat. A veritable *embarras de riches.* Laden with these, coats, and the usual booklets, I felt rather encumbered entering the large and crowded hall of the hotel. This partly accounted for the very blunt reception I gave to a local reporter who wanted rather badly my views on the Irish question. Now, that was a question I wished to avoid, because the publication of my opinions could do no good. But on getting to my room I found another Press representative awaiting me there. I explained my position to him, and under the seal of confidence I talked to him freely as I dressed for the inevitable banquet. The first person I met next morning told me there was an interview with me in one of the papers, which annoyed me considerably; but I was relieved when I read the interview to find that my questioner had been discreet and had handled what I said most loyally and delicately. The presence as an Imperial delegate of Mr. Hooper, of the *Freeman's Journal,* was the subject of a very plain-spoken leader in another journal.

The banquet was given to us by the Corporation, and was more evidence of the great cordiality with which we were everywhere received. Sir Patrick M'Grath, our delegate from Newfoundland, replied on our behalf in a very fine speech. Next forenoon a long line of motor cars were ready to drive us around the city, and we all enjoyed the experience. Toronto (600,000) is certainly a beautiful town, with impressive business premises of many storeys, broad thoroughfares, fine street car service, splendid university, great cathedrals and churches, of which there are over 200. The Law Courts, Osgoode Hall, was compared by Anthony Trollope to the Dublin Fourt Courts. As the capital of Ontario, it has also its Parliament Buildings, while Hart House and the Museum are notable features. Toronto University conferred the Degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Geoffrey Fairfax, *Sydney Morning Herald;* Sir Robert Bruce, Editor, *Glasgow Herald;* Mr. Robert Donald, chairman



GRAIN STEAMER ON LAKE SUPERIOR.



"An Argument on the Irish Question." P. J. HOOPER. *Page 46.*



Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

Empire Press Union; and Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., M.P. Before leaving for the drive I had been greeted by Mr. J. C. M'Guinness, formerly of Derry, with whom I had a long conversation, and I arranged with him that I would not leave the hotel next morning but would stay in and meet other people from home. That afternoon Thomas and I got the necessary credentials and took a taxi out to the Rosedale Golf Club, where we were hospitably received and had a very pleasant match. It is a very fine course. Most of the other golfers had gone to the Toronto Club, which we were informed enjoyed a unique privilege, namely, that a member of it was entitled to keep liquor in his locker despite any Act of Parliament or law to the contrary. Prohibition! It was rather late when we got back in a pleasantly tired condition of body, but of hearty contentment. Next morning after breakfast Mr. M'Guinness turned up with his wife and his son (already doing well in business), and a sister from the U.S.; Mr. D. W. Boal, and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Stevenson, formerly of Shipquay Street. We had a most enjoyable interchange of views relating to people at home and in Canada, and I was very glad to learn that all my guests were prosperous and happy. Mr. M'Guinness also strongly recommended Canada for a boy's career, and gave several instances of the success of Ulstermen. After lunch I suddenly felt my hand being seized, and found myself face to face with Mr. Hamilton Tate, formerly of the Cathedral Schools, Derry. He was sorry he had not known of my coming earlier, but suggested that I had plenty of time to see Harry Dugan, Thomas Holland, and others. Off I went with him along the street a few steps to the firm of Messrs. Simmers & Co., seedsmen, where I saw H. D. looking just as I remembered him. We chatted for some time, and I arranged to meet him in the Exhibition Grounds on my return eastward. We then proceeded to the offices of the C.N.R., on the other side of the street, where T. Holland is employed, but found that he was out. We went back to the hotel, and shortly afterwards Tate said good-bye. It was then seven minutes to four o'clock, and I suddenly realised that I had in error been counting on having an hour longer to wait, and that I had exactly seven minutes to catch my train at Union Station, which was a considerable

distance away. My mistake was in mixing up local (daylight saving) time with standard (train) time. The position seemed quite hopeless, but, incredible as it may seem, I found the lift going up, got to my room, from thence down again to the check-room, and got my coat, found a taxi at the door (a very lucky occurrence), and by dint of driving against all rules, on the footpath, or the wrong side, I reached the station. Even there I was in luck, as there was a clear way to my train, but I had not a second to spare, as old T.L. moved out just as I got my foot on the step. It was a frightful jar, and for shock to the system was only beaten by my experience at the very same station later on. But I was on the train safe, and vowed I would take no more risk of missing connections. How futile are such vows will be proved very shortly.

Guelph.

A run of less than two hours brought us to Guelph (20,000), where we were invited to an inspection of the Ontario Agricultural College (which also included the MacDonald Institute for Cooking and Domestic Science, highly endowed by Sir W. C. MacDonald), and to dinner there as the guests of the Ontario Provincial Government, at the conclusion of which some very racy speeches were made by newly-elected members of the Provincial Parliament representative of agricultural interests. It was here in one of the department rooms that we saw a very unique exhibit. Many cases covered a considerable floor space, containing models of fruit and vegetables, healthy and diseased, showing the effect of insect enemies of fruit growers on the fruit, and other kindred exhibits. One of the most striking of these was a large onion cut in two, showing the veins or layers, with the skin torn as frequently seen. These models were made in wax, and coloured so perfectly as to represent nature truly, by a lady who invented the process and died without revealing it. The exhibit represented the labour of twenty years of the lady and her assistants. We then proceeded to

Sarnia,

which was reached next morning at noon. We had a great reception here, the town being handsomely decorated with bunting in our honour. Sarnia is a fine town (12,000), and neighbouring cities in this progressive agricultural district are

Kitchener (22,500), London (60,000), Brantford (32,000), Windsor (33,000), Waterloo, and others. Connecting Sarnia with Port Huron (Mich.) is an iron tube tunnel, 19 feet in diameter, extending for two miles under the bed of the river. Brantford was the first place where the telephone was successfully used, Dr. Graham Bell connecting his home with the village of Mount Pleasant.

We were first of all conducted at Sarnia to the Chamber of Commerce, where the president of that institution gave us a very interesting idea of Sarnia's great future prospects when a scheme is completed which will enable ocean-going ships to come right up to Lake Huron, thus opening up a great route for the cheap transport of Western grain. A dainty lunch followed, at which the local ladies acted as superintendents. We then were divided amongst automobile hosts for a drive around the vicinity and the two miles of water front of the town. Our host was a gentleman whose only wish was to make our visit enjoyable. The drive was pleasant, in the course of which we passed through great industrial districts, lovely woods beautifully watered, where we saw some parties of Americans camping out, past a Red Indian reservation, and a lovely little townlet on the river, where mixed bathing was in full swing. This sight of people in the water (it was a burning hot day) set Thomas longing for a dip, and when we got back to Sarnia nothing would content him but that we should motor across to Lake Huron beach and have a swim. It was then forty minutes till sailing time (4 p.m.), but our host said we might do it and chance the ship not sailing sharp on time. The four of us—Thomas, Mr. William Turner (Reuter's agent at Shanghai), Mr. John P. Collins, and myself—therefore went foolishly on this escapade. We had to drive, in places, over awful ruts and sandholes, and arrived at a bathing *plage*, where a band was playing, and a crowd of "sea-siders" were enjoying the sunshine. We left the car and tore into a dressing-room, doffed our clothing for bathing suits, ran into the water, swam a few strokes, raced back again, and, partially clothed, got on our "bus" and finished our toilets while the car was trying to make speed back again. It was laughable to see us getting into our clothes anyhow, a difficult process with the car jolting about and throwing us on top of one another. At last we got into the streets of Sarnia, and were

soon at the landing-stage. Cheers! The boat was still there. An immense crowd filled all the approaches to the vessel, but we pushed our way through and got to the gangway, only to find to our disgust that it was hauled ashore and the s.s. Hamonic several yards away! So near and yet so far. What was to be done? We rushed to the office, where we were told we could get a train to Port Arthur, but that meant that we should miss the sail up the lakes. Thomas was very unpopular for a few minutes, but luck was with us. One of our lady hosts at luncheon had recognised us and saw our plight. Mrs. Garvey, besides being a charming lady, was one of resource. She had discovered that the Hamonic would call for some baggage at a point some miles up the lake, so she invited us to her autocar, and enlisting also the services of one of her friends, Mrs. Morgan, we had two pretty cars and prettier drivers at our service. There being only two of us for each car, two other ladies joined the party, and we were soon off in high spirits, though our rather half-dressed appearance amused our lady friends considerably. We were unanimous that the whole episode was well worth missing the boat for, and I can never sufficiently express my admiration for the ladies of Sarnia. Hospitable, kind, plucky, and sporting, they took us out of a mess and converted a disaster into an experience it will always be a pleasure to recall. Right enough, we were able to meet the steamer as she came alongside, and when we were seen on the quay by the party on board we came in for any amount of chaff, particularly from the ladies, who declined to believe our story, and declared we had planned the whole thing.

The N.N. Co.'s S.S. Hamonic.

We spent from Thursday afternoon (12th inst.) until Saturday forenoon (14th inst.) on board the N.N. Co.'s s.s. Hamonic, and I shall always look back upon that portion of the trip upon Lakes Huron and Superior as one of the most enjoyable experiences of our journey. The vessel is one of a fleet of large, commodious, and comfortable ships, handsomely fitted, and containing every accommodation for pleasure parties. The catering is really first-class, and besides promenade decks there are luxurious saloon, smoke-room, dancing-room, &c., and a very good band. It is not surprising, therefore, that a trip up the Lakes on these

ships is a favourite holiday plan for youths of both sexes, and, given calm, sunny weather such as we were favoured with, the trippers have a most pleasant time. The dining saloon staff in the Hamonic were very capable, and arrangements were made as to meal hours so that our large party did not interfere with the regular routine of the ship. I was awakened each morning by the rich, melodious, full-toned, if a little nasal, cry of the head steward, a big, pleasant-looking darky, "Breakfast ready in the dining room ; first call for *break*fast," which resounded several times through the alleyways, and roused the sluggards more effectually than a bugle or gong. Also was it very nice on deck in the day-time. There was always something of interest to be seen—long, deep-bottomed grain vessels, or yachts of various designs, or scenery ashore, while various sorts of amusements were being indulged in on deck. But the most thrilling time of all was after dinner. There were plenty of young ladies on board, and, in particular, a Miss Keene, who belongs to Cookstown, county Derry, and who soon put me on to as many partners as I wished. I am not much of a dab at the present-day dances, but I got on quite well. There was an air of hilarity and merriment without vulgarity or noise, and everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion. Perhaps this was due to the band, the conductor of which, a venerable musician with a fine head of wavy white hair, seemed to be an artist at his work. The selections had all the merit of swinging dance music. One of the bandsmen had a fine baritone voice, and I shall not readily forget that pretty little melody, "Let the rest of the world go by," being played and sung as I waltzed with a graceful partner amid surroundings of happy and pure enjoyment. This is perhaps a suitable place to acknowledge the gift of a large and handsome map of Canada, presented to each delegate by the Honourable the Minister of the Interior.

Sault Ste. Marie.

The great canals and locks of Sault (pronounced "Soo") Ste. Marie are at the conjunction of Lakes Huron and Superior, the town being built on the banks of the St. Mary River. The Canadian lock, which is a great engineering feat, is 900 feet long and 60 feet wide, the fall being 22 feet deep. The region around was once the stamping ground of

Indians and the headquarters of intrepid Hudson's Bay hunters. While the Hamonic was being raised to the higher level we had an opportunity of inspecting the enormous plant of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company, which has an output of 200 tons of paper per day. We then entered that huge inland sea, Lake Superior, and pursued our course to

Port Arthur,

which, with its rival, Fort William, is at the extreme western end of the Lake, 2,000 miles from the Atlantic and 1,900 from the Pacific. We were, therefore, about half-way across the Continent. Port Arthur is a city of about 17,000 inhabitants, while Fort William has 20,000. Between them they have thirty-two huge grain elevators, with a combined capacity of 52,000,000 bushels. Port Arthur, besides being the centre of a rich farming district, is a splendid hunting and fishing region. It has one of the largest shipbuilding plants in Canada, and its trade includes timber, cold storage, aerated water manufacturing, and pulp mills. I was taken in charge at Port Arthur by Mr. Fred Synes, who was a most kind and courteous host. With Thomas and Mr. Turner (Reuters) we toured the district, ending at Mr. Synes' house, where his hospitality was much appreciated by all of us. I found in him a kindred spirit, and as he has almost reached the highest possible degree in Freemasonry we had a bond in common. To

Fort William

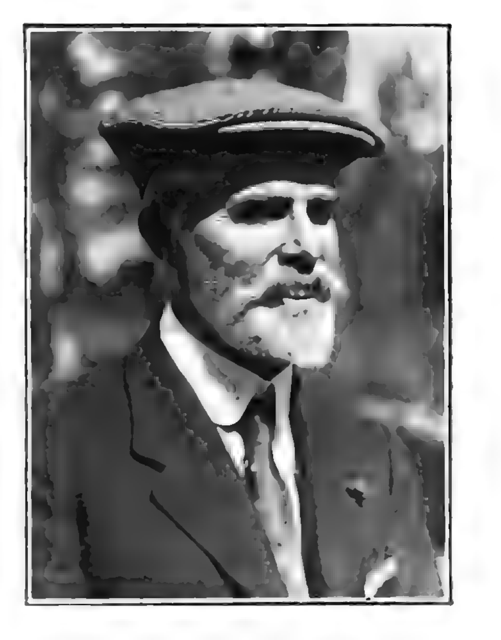
was but a short distance. It is a most wonderful place considered as a port. It is the Lake terminus of the C.P.R. and the C.N.R., while all lines of passenger and freight boats converge there. It is also the coal-handling centre of Canada, and contains many great foundries and other industrial plants. Iron, copper, silver, gold, and pyrites are found in the vicinity, together with timber of many kinds. But what most impressed me was the harbour, with miles of breakwater, jetties, and canals. Three tugs accommodated our members on a sail of inspection around the immense harbour, which seemed to me greater than those of Liverpool or London. But as instancing the peculiar circumstance of high civilisation and virgin forest in close conjunction, a Fort Williamite on "my" tugboat told me the following story, for the truth of which he vouched:—A celebrated English game-

hunter not long ago arrived at Fort William and made enquiries at his hotel as to where he would be likely to find moose. Thinking to pull the stranger's leg, someone remarked, "Oh, there are plenty around here. You have only to get up early in the morning and go a short distance into the forest." The hunter next morning proceeded as directed, and when only a mile and a-half out shot a moose with the largest spread of antlers that had been seen for years, and completely flabbergasted the people at his hotel. Our trip round the harbour and canals ended at a new clearing just outside the city, where Lord Burnham cut the first sod on ground where a new pulp mill is to be erected, and which is expected to be making paper at the end of 1921. More power to it, although here, again, the capital is mostly American. It was here that we began to be aware of Canada as a country still in the making, and to realise what a fascination there must be in seeing a town grow up, and what opportunities there must be for those who can foresee the future and reap the benefit of their foresight.

Winnipeg.

I had heard such a lot about Winnipeg that I was looking forward with the keenest interest to seeing it. We left Fort William by train at 8.30 p.m. on Saturday and arrived there at 9 a.m. on Sunday, so we were not privileged to view the very interesting forest, lake, and river region through which the line runs. We were now in Manitoba, the great grain province, with its interesting history and great agricultural wealth. Winnipeg, with suburbs (273,000), is a surprisingly beautiful city built on a plain. Here I expected to meet some Derry friends, and I was not disappointed, as one of the first faces I saw on the arrival platform was that of Harry Bryan, who gave me a very warm welcome. The delegates were divided between two hotels, the Royal Alexandra, or Royal Alec. as it is named locally, and the Fort Garry. The travellers on T.L. were consigned to the latter and were motored there forthwith. "A bath, a bath; my kingdom for a bath," was my cry, and again I was not disappointed. The morning was very hot, with a blazing sun, which, if trying to the traveller, at least displayed Winnipeg to full advantage. I could not but admire on my course to the hotel its broad, smooth, straight thoroughfares and its

handsome and imposing buildings. Here I soon found myself in a spacious and comfortable bedroom, which I had to myself, my old friend Mr. Selig having left the party at Toronto. Imagine me, therefore, sitting in a warm bath getting train dust out of my skin and shouting conversation at Harry through the half-open bathroom door. Then the telephone rang. "See what that is, Harry." "Dr. Harvey Smith to see Mr. Glendinning." "Ask Dr. Smith to come right up." Soon I can hear Harry and the doctor in my room. I sung out to my visitor, "Please wait until I have got some clothes on and I shall come out to see you." It was my Winnipeg host, if you please, come to see in what way he could assist me to spend the day most agreeably. He suggested a game at Pine Ridge Golf Club. I did not say him "nay," and proceeded to get into golfing rig while he went to hunt up two others for a 4-ball match. See us, therefore, five on a Cadillac—Dr. Harvey Smith at the wheel, his chum, a very nice chap from Boston, named Northrup, Dr. Ross of "Ours," and myself, with Harry Bryan, who undertook to carry my sticks. We had a pleasant run of about six miles out, a great game, a most appetising lunch, a joy ride home by another route, and altogether one of the best days of the lot. This was due to the qualities of my host and his friend, who both possessed humour and extended genuine hearty good fellowship to Ross and myself. The course was very fine and well laid out, and all went merry. My kindest remembrances to Dr. Harvey Smith and Mr. Northrup. After dinner I went with Harry to his neat and comfortable home, where, with his neighbour, Jack Haslett, also from Derry, and my old friend George Taylor, we spent the rest of the evening chatting and recalling scenes of the past and mutual friends. On Monday morning the programme was a motor drive around the city and a civic luncheon at Assinaboine Park, both of which I enjoyed; but I rather put my foot in it at the luncheon. It was now the 16th, and I had posted my letter to the Anchor Line, New York, at Grimsby, before reaching Toronto, on the 8th. I fully expected to have a reply at Winnipeg and was vexed at not getting one. I spoke to Mr. Crandle about it, as he happened to pass behind my chair during the courses, and he said that not a moment was lost at Montreal in forwarding letters (which I believe to be absolutely true). As he



F. Crosbie Roles, Hon. Sec. E.P.U.

A. Bartolo, B.Lit., LL.D.



Windsor Street Station, C.P.R., Montreal.

went away I remarked to Nurse Schneider, who sat beside me, that that was rather strange, because I was certain that newspapers had been posted to me regularly since I sailed and that not one had reached me yet. I then became aware that Mr. Crandle had sat down directly opposite to me and was listening to what I was saying, and seemed to be very much annoyed. However, later on I took care to make full amends to him. From now on I made rather a nuisance of myself to M'Evoy and others, as I was most anxious to have my return sailing and arrangements definitely fixed up. The afternoon programme was a drive to the Agricultural College, and tea there, but I cut it out and spent the time with George Taylor, shopping at Eaton's Store, and strolling about. I went to Taylor's rooms, where he gave me some interesting photographs of himself and local scenery. I also went with Harry Bryan to the roof of the Fort Garry Hotel. The building is a prominent architectural feature of the city, built of white stone and very lofty. There are eleven floors and a staircase, and from the roof an excellent view of the city is obtained.

That evening there was a formal banquet, given by the Government of Manitoba, at the Fort Garry, and here, before going into the dining-room, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. James D'Arcy, who sailed shortly after we did, and who had reached Winnipeg, with Mrs. D'Arcy and his daughter, before us. He was accompanied by his brother, whom I was very glad to know. The dinner was a most elaborate affair, and four things remain in my mind regarding it. One, that old Tin Lizzie's party had the best of it, the others having to come from their hotel; two, the interest created by Lady Roderick Jones's toilet, which was very striking. A rather *decollete* green silk costume, her hair clasped by a broad diamond band, with plumes; three, the exquisite voice of one of the singers; and last, that I met "Ralph Connor," the author of many stories that I had read with pleasure and enjoyment. I did not remain for more than one speech that night, as Mr. James Henderson and I were expected at the Winnipeg Memorial Hall. We got there about 10 p.m., and found our brethren of the Orange Order at the festive board, where one of the delegates who had been to Ireland was being entertained on his return. Here we were received with due honours,

and each of us addressed the gathering and explained the situation in Belfast and Derry. We were glad to see the principles which we believe in so strongly held at Winnipeg, where, I am sorry to say, the canker of disloyalty is spreading its deadly roots. As we passed out of the hall it was comforting and encouraging to grasp the friendly hands of our brothers, who are identical in type and character with the boys at home. There on the wall was the well-known picture of the Relief of Derry, but, as I explained to them, the old city on the Foyle is being besieged at the present time in more insidious, but no less dangerous, fashion than in 1688. As the train was due to leave at 8 o'clock next morning I took care to get down and into my old section 8, Car 6, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and those who did not were sorry for it. It certainly was rather trying for the ladies, who did not get to their rooms until after midnight, and had then to undress and pack their evening dresses, change into travelling clothes, get to the train, and again undress there, and all this after a rather arduous day. But that was the only occasion on which such a necessity arose. Just as we were leaving the luncheon at Assinaboine Park a local photographer requested Mr. Hooper, of the *Freeman*, and myself to pose for a photograph. Hooper is short-sighted, and when trying to see clearly adopts a frowning expression. Just as we were being snapped someone behind me made a joke, at which I could not resist laughing heartily. The photo, therefore, which is excellent in other respects, conveys the impression that I had annoyed Hooper and was enjoying the best of an argument. My pals advised me to sign the photo "An argument on the Irish question." I met one or two other Derrymen at Winnipeg, particularly Mr. Tom Ross, who is now doing well in the insurance business. My visit to Winnipeg was a pleasure all the time and shall long remain in my memory. Before leaving the Hudson's Bay Company presented each of us with a very handsome book descriptive of the fur-clad animals of Canada, very beautifully illustrated and bound. Our next stopping-place was

Portage la Prairie,

through rich prairie land glowing with ripe wheat. The town (7,000) has several industries in full swing, and tall grain elevators dot the landscape.

Here we were motored through a productive district and entertained to a nicely-served luncheon on what is known as the Island. At this luncheon Signor Bartolo displayed his rich gift of eloquence in a very fine speech.

At Carberry we again left the trains and took motor cars for a drive to

Brandon,

a distance of fifty miles. I was in one of the front cars, and accomplished the run, which was intended to give us an opportunity of viewing the wheat lands, uneventfully. Not so all of the party. Shortly after I reached T.L., Nurse Thompson came in and told me there had been several accidents. I asked her if they were serious, and learned that three of the injured were on our train —Sir A. Holbrook, Agnes Powell, and Mr. E. E. Edwards, of the *Brisbane Telegraph*, the latter being seriously cut about the face, while Mr. Charles D. Don, of *The Star*, Johannesburg, had his skull smashed. While what Nurse Thompson said was true, the victims were not gravely injured. Sir Arthur was rendered unconscious, but on coming to did not seem to be any the worse, and made a speech, for which he had been selected, the same evening. Agnes had been thrown out of a car, but escaped without wound or bruise. The other two casualties were more serious. Mr. Don had to get twenty-six stitches in his forehead, while Mr. Edwards' whole face was a mask of court plaster and lint. What caused these accidents? Simply a more or less excusable desire on the part of the owner-drivers to give the visitors a good run, and forgetting or failing to see an acute irregularity in the road, which caused the occupants in the back of four cars to be thrown up against one of the bars of the hood. One seldom sees a hood down in Canada. It protects against the sun as well as the rain, while here it only protects against rain or snow. A drive through Brandon (18,000) and dinner at the Winter Fair Grounds completed the day.

We now entered the Province of Saskatchewan, having left Brandon during the night, and arrived at

Regina

early next morning, breakfasting on the trains. The district through which the C.P.R. runs here is all wheat prairie or cattle ranches. We were now

really in the wild and woolly West, where the cowboy with his Stetson hat, chaps, lassoo, and gun is supposed to be the bold, bad man, with the famous Royal N.W. Mounted Police to keep him in order. We had a pleasant drive through the city, which is an important and growing one, with a population of —in 1903—3,000, and to-day 45,000, and which covers at present twenty square miles. (Compare this with the area of Derry !) We much admired its lay-out, broad streets, great factories, street car system, &c., and I felt that it made my old town look very shabby. One of Regina's advantages, however, is that it is the capital of the province and contains the Parliamentary building, a beautiful structure standing in 160 acres of grounds. Another advantage is that it is built round Wascana Lake, a very pretty piece of water, large enough for yacht racing. Our drive ended at the local headquarters of the police, where a special programme of events similar to that given before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was put on for our benefit. It consisted of displays of horsemanship, musical riding with different formations (to a somewhat familiar air called "Weel may the keel row"), tent-pegging with sword and bayonet, jumping, and riding wild bronchos. We regarded the display as a very high compliment to us, as the force made every effort to give us a good show, displaying their various uniforms for summer, winter, and off-duty use, and we repaid them by the keenness of our interest and our enjoyment of the glorious sunshine. We were then the guests of the Provincial Government at luncheon at the Parliament Building. It was here that Lord Apsley spoke for the first time, and that Mr. David Davies, of Swansea, made his famous "Gopher" speech, which was discussed so much afterwards, as a jocular reference which he made to that little animal was taken seriously by some journals and the speaker caustically criticised. At luncheon, on my left was a local lady, who talked very agreeably and gave me a lot of information, while on my right a prominent Regina Press man, who made a really eloquent speech during the proceedings, engaged the remainder of my attention. Mrs. Lecky, one of the guests at the luncheon, hospitably entertained us afterwards at her bungalow and accompanied us on the drive to Moosejaw, the occupants of the car being Mrs. Lecky, L. O. Thomas, Mr. D. M. Olle-



R. A. Anderson. J. T. Clayton. J. Harper. J. C. G.



R. W. Snelling and local host.

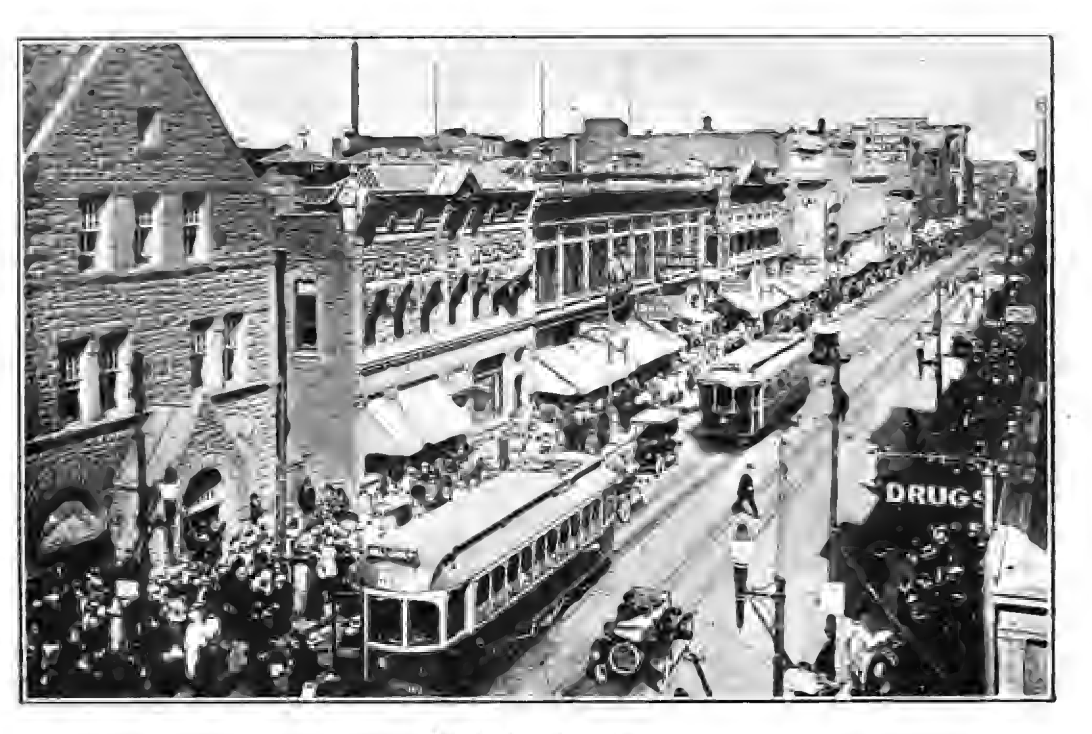


THE GAP, BANFF.



INDIANS AND COWBOYS AT GLEICHEN.

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Calgary Alberta.

mans (*The Friend*, Bloemfontein), myself, and a Regina gentleman, owner of the handsome motor car, and, like all our hosts, most anxious for our comfort and pleasure.

Moose Jaw.

The proper name of Moose Jaw (25,000) is "The - Creek - where - the - White - Man - Mended - the - Cart - with - a - Moose - Jaw - Bone." It is a widely-scattered but progressive town, the houses of which are built along both sides of a broad creek or deep valley. In a pleasant little garden adjoining the station we were entertained to tea by the local ladies to the inspiring music of a band. Here the usual compliments were exchanged. Our auto-host had, of course, many local acquaintances, one of whom, Colonel Seaborne, invited some of us to his home, including Thomas and Mrs. Lecky. On the way I was surprised and interested to notice a plate on a door bearing the inscription "Derry Walls Orange Hall," but I failed to come across anyone connected with it, though I inquired right and left. At Colonel Seaborne's we had a little dance, but the hour of "Tommy's" departure drew near and good-byes were hurriedly exchanged. Our hosts and hostesses accompanied us to the trains, where there was quite a large party of elegantly-attired ladies and gentlemen to see us off. It was quite a charming little experience and ended a most enjoyable day.

Our next stop was at

Gleichen,

a visit I shall long remember. The railway line runs through many villages and varied country, past the Chaplin Lakes, which have no known outlet, and through prairies marked by buffalo trails and haunts of antelope, coyotes, and prairie dogs. We were now in the Province of Alberta, arriving at Gleichen (1,000) early on the morning of August 19th. We were sorry to miss Medicine Hat (11,000), where the famous flow of natural gas is found, with many other interesting features. We were now rising gradually into a mountainous district, with different scenery to that of the plains. Gleichen is beside a large reservation of Blackfoot Indians, and here, after a drive around the locality, we were to enjoy a really unique spectacle. I was driven, with John Harper, *Glasgow Daily Record*, and J. T. Clayton, *Craven*

Herald, Skipton, by an American farmer, whose real home is in Kansas. His practice is to take a section of grain land in this district, work it during the summer, and spend his winter at home. He was hearty and talkative, and as we passed section after section of wheat land he would point out the good or bad crop, name the occupier, and give some local application to instructive yarns. Swedes, he informed us, were on the land in considerable number, and made good farmers, but the settlers were mostly English, Scottish, or Irish, or of British extraction. After our tour round we reached a large space of land surrounded by a fence. At one side a rude grand stand had been erected. At another side were large pens, into which a great number of wild horses and steers had been driven. In front was a broad space fenced in for the sports and competitions, and a racing track surrounded the fence on the outside. But before the programme began we were conducted to the Indian encampment, a group of teepees, where the Blackfoot, brave and squaw, were to be seen in numbers, arrayed in their finest paint, beads, and feathers. In a specially decorated open teepee Lord Burnham was solemnly created a chief of the tribe by a name signifying "Old Sun." The ceremony was performed by the Chief, a venerable and dignified Indian, who none the less probably had an eye to the gift of a calf, which is the recognised mode of acknowledging the honour of chieftainship. Lord Burnham and his lady were then arrayed in full Indian costume, and mounted on horseback at the head of a long procession, and, they looking the part to perfection, the train moved solemnly to the scene of strife and struggle. The programme consisted of Indian horse races, roping, mounting and riding wild bronchos, roping and tying wild steers, riding wild steers, &c. The broncho and steer competitions were between cowboys (the real thing) while the young Indians showed splendid horsemanship. It was a thrilling spectacle throughout, and my neighbour on the stand, Mrs. Lansell, grew wildly excited, emitting little screams of pleasure or interest as each cowboy displayed his dexterity with the lassoe or upon the bounding mustang or steer. Her excitement reached the pitch when an enormous red horse leaped the high fence of the enclosure and escaped across country. We were sorry when the programme ended, and we

were obliged to climb once more on board the prosaic trains. As we motored to the station a caval ade of mounted cowboys galloped past the cars and lined up to give us a real Wild West send off.

A couple of hours on the train brought us to

Calgary,

where Mr. James H. Woods, the most prominent Pressman in the district (excepting, of course, Bob Edwards, of the *Eye Opener*), who had come to meet us, and had been with us since we left Sydney, had made great preparations for our enjoyment. The Hotel Palliser, where we put up, is an immense caravanserai, and there we were just given time for a change of toilet, and were then distributed amongst local hosts according to our ideas of pleasure. I chose golf, and Mr. David Davis and I were taken charge of by Mr. Peet, an Irishman of genial and jovial character, and Mr. Jones, also one of the best. A short motor run through a pretty district brought us to the County Club, one of the most handsome and commodious of these pleasant features of the country that we had yet visited. We were also accompanied by Mr. Wm. Davies, already mentioned, but merely as a spectator. This was the last we saw of Mr. Davis during the tour. The sympathy of all the delegates was with him when it was learned that he had taken seriously ill. He was obliged to go into a hospital at Vancouver and remained there until after the party had sailed for home, his friend, Mr. David Davis, remaining with him. Mr. Davis and I were handsomely beaten in a four-ball match over a very long and particularly difficult course bristling with hazards, but delightful from a scenic point of view. Mr. Jones then brought us to his home, and having done us of his best there, further invited us to the Rancher's Club for dinner. There was a banquet at the hotel, but we could not resist our good hosts. In the old days when Calgary was only shacks the club had been the meeting-place of the Ranch owners for miles round. It is now a most luxurious club, almost palatially furnished, and adorned with trophies of the chase of every character. Mr. William Davies had left us before the completion of our round of golf, so there were only the four of us, and a merry foursome we were. Mr. Davis cracked his jokes, which were highly

enjoyed by our hosts. We got back to the Palliser about 10 o'clock, to find that the dinner was not yet over, the delegates being entertained to a programme of music and dances by local artists. As I stood looking in through a glass door at the performers I was tapped on the shoulder by a former Derryman, Mr. Harry Gallaugher, whose home is Vancouver, but who was on journey for his firm. We had a long and pleasant chat, and I was very glad to know he was steadily progressing, and that he and Mrs. Gallaugher (*nee* Smith) were happy and pleased with their Canadian life. I went to bed with that delicious feeling of fatigue which foretells a good night's sleep. Calgary is a handsome, modern, well-laid-out, and progressive city of 80,000 inhabitants—the largest city in Alberta—and I cannot speak too highly of the heartiness and friendliness we experienced there from everyone with whom we came in contact.

The next day we did 80 miles by motor car, starting at 11 a.m., and stopping for lunch at Ghost Springs, 35 miles west of Calgary. The drive was full of interest. From the start we were in sight of the Rockies, and were "pulling them in" all day. My car companions were Thomas and Turner (Reuters) and a pleasant Calgary owner-driver. The road first went through great ranches, one of which was the famous "Bar U" ranch of Mr. George Lane, the chief of Western ranchmen, and then along the banks of the High River, with hilly, wooded slopes on either side. The weather was glorious and the experience a delightful one. When we reached Ghost Springs, at a bend of the river, where a pleasant little stream flows into it, we found several tents erected and a dainty lunch awaiting us. It was really of the nature of a picnic under ideal conditions. After lunch, Thomas, Turner, and I wandered along the river bank, admiring its blue rapids, which reflected the sunshine in a perfect blaze of light. Thomas "snapped" us, and I am hoping for a promised photograph of a well-remembered scene As we strolled along we observed a large bi-plane circling over head, and, watching its movements, we decided it desired to communicate. Sure enough we saw something drop from it, which "Tommy" ran to pick up, and found a message tied up in blue gauze, with a stone for weight. We took it to Lord Burnham, and it proved to be an invitation to visit an aerodrome which was



Banff Springs Hotel, Alt.



View from Hotel, Cascade Mountain, Banff.

stationed near us for the purpose of watching for forest fires. And here I may mention that there was a distinct haze of light smoke, which indicated that a fire was blazing not far off. Indeed, from this on we saw in various places abundant evidence of the destruction caused by outbreaks of fire, resulting in deplorable loss of timber. Time did not permit of us availing ourselves of the invitation. The scenery from Ghost Springs into

Banff,

the natural summer playground of North America, was delightful. As we neared the Rockies their majestic grandeur became more pronounced, and peak after peak came into view. We gradually were attaining a higher altitude ourselves, and at Bankhead Gap were 4,596 feet above sea level. The present scenery was what might be described as preliminary—a preparation for what was to come—but when we arrived within the boundary of the Dominion Park, we had the real thing. To maintain the district around the Rockies as purely scenic as possible there is an acreage of two thousand square miles fenced round, inside of which no individual can buy an estate. We had met ranchers on horseback, and admired several young lady equestrians in riding breeches, leggings, and sombrero, but now all was park land. The river flowed on our left, while the narrow ribbon of road wound round the feet of the jagged mountains pointing far heavenward. On all sides we were among the everlasting hills, the country of game-shooting, climbing, fishing, pony-riding, and honeymooning. The land of exquisite sunset and moon-rise, rich in flowers, and health-giving air, beauty of prospect, and infinite variety. That this Rocky Mountain region has been prepared for the comfort of man, and of man on holiday, is not surprising. Those who pushed the C.P.R. through the gaps saw the advantages of the territory and wisely said—" Let us make it so that those who come here for sport or for health can have both, and physical comfort included." The result is the palatial summer hotels of Banff Springs and Lake Louise. The imagination fails to conceive a more ideal situation for an hotel than that on which the " Banff" stands. Sulphur and tunnel and rundle hold the hotel on their august knees, while the Bow and the Spray rush shouting into each other's glacial arms in the

valley, and the famous Hot Springs fill the wonderful stone basin of the great blue pool, where Venus from New York and Hebe from San Francisco gambol about after an afternoon's tennis, or a round of golf on that course amongst the clouds. Much could be said of the numerous attractions calling for the coach, the motor, the mountain pony, the alpenstock, the gun, or the fish-pole amongst the mighty hills, but as I rested my weary limbs on the hotel veranda and gazed on the prospect around I wondered if any vehicle could take me where more exquisite beauty displayed itself than the fascinating panorama which spread itself before my enchanted eyes. The superb mountains, the blue waters of the rivers scintillating in the sunlight, the little town nestling in the valley, formed an unforgettable picture, and after a bath in the comforting, warm sulphur water I contented myself with it during a happy evening. The hotel was crowded with guests, and rooms were worth, it was said, anything up to £5 per night. The American multi-millionaire and his family had taken charge, but what cared we? Old T. L. was a pleasant stroll away. Motor cars were at our beck and call. All the other privileges of the hotel were at our disposal. To change for dinner, or for outings, in our sections was a convenience rather than a discomfort, and so said all of us. And so I went there for boiled shirt and etceteras, came back for dinner, and danced the hours away till Section 8 and Henry's smile welcomed me after midnight. Next morning, feeling refreshed and ready for anything, I formed one of a party got up by Mr. Gibbon, the C.P.R. publicity agent, and a real good sort. A dozen ponies were at the avenue gate, under cowboy guides, and, mounting one of them, I looked, I am sure, rather silly, but could not help feeling amused. Others of the cavalcade were Lord Burnham, Captain M'Evoy, D. W. Vick, H. Harmsworth, Lady Jones, Agnes Powell, John P. Collins, and T. E. Naylor (one of the Trades Union representatives). Just before we started, Mr. M'Evoy galloped up to me and handed me with a triumphant smile the long-awaited reply from the Anchor Line, over which I had been making a great to do, and about which more anon. Off we started along the road. My saddle felt quite comfy, and I began to be elated, but that did not last very long. The troop began to trot and

canter, and the saddle began to smite me hard. Further, the stirrups kept leaving my feet and had to be searched for, while the seat felt unpleasantly precarious. The stirrup leather also started to eat into my shin, and I would have liked to "'bout ship" and sail for home. But besides that I did not wish to funk it, I was no longer my own master. My steed, Robin, took charge and simply did as he pleased. When we left the road and took to the mountain path he was quite indifferent as to keeping the track, but made his way through the trees or anywhere else, careless whether I was wiped off or not. But by dint of clutching the saddle horn, ducking my head, letting my legs trail backwards until the obstruction let go, and so forth I managed to keep my place. Robin knew what he was doing and availed himself of short-cuts when possible. It was, on the whole, a trying experience, but the view when we got well up repaid the discomfort. At one place I felt just a little nervous. The pony had to climb a very steep, almost perpendicular path of slippery stone, rock and gravel, with a sheer fall of many feet on the right edge. I breathed a sigh of relief when he safely negotiated it, only to find that he had then to descend an exactly similar path. He did that all right, too, but it transpired afterwards that Harmsworth and Collins had come to grief there, though no harm resulted. Had there been thorns on the trees I should have returned naked to the world. As it was, I felt very, very sore for some days afterwards, and might have felt worse but for the kindness of Mr. Gibbon, a good Samaritan, who took me to his room, where I had a hot bath and a refreshing drink.

We had two late evenings at this magnificent hotel, and as many of our members indulged in after-dinner dancing in the beautiful ballroom, it may not be out of place here to say something about that side of the picture. To begin with, I must confess the party could have done with a few more young ladies. Of young girls we had only Miss Neill, Miss Lovekin, and Anges Powell, and of dancing partners to them might be added Lady Newnes, Lady Jones, Mrs. Lansell, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Kirwan, Mrs. Mitchell, and Mrs. Penn, but as there were twice that number of dancing men, partners belonging to our own crowd were at a premium. Three of the Canadians

had brought ladies along, and these ladies became very popular. They were Mrs. Jennings, wife of a splendid chap, Mr. M. R. Jennings, of Edmonton, and herself a charming person, Mrs. Woods, also an acquisition to our party, and Mrs. Wilson, a niece of Mr. W. J. Taylor, who was our Train Captain. Our list of partners was, of course, supplemented by ladies, guests at the hotel. Of these, two celebrated cinema actresses were especially distinguishable. Mrs. Wilson had youth, vivacity, a nice taste in dress, and as she could dance to perfection, play a really good hand at Bridge, it is not surprising that her company was in great request. Signor Augusto Bartolo, B.Lit., LL.D., of the *Daily Malta Chronicle*, a big, swarthy, heavily-built, but brilliant and clever journalist, with a rapid and witty flow of oratory in three languages, was quite a figure amongst the delegates. Other dancing members of the male persuasion included Lord Apsley, Sir F. Newnes, Sir Emsley Carr, Sir Arthur Holbrook, Messrs. Phillip Davis, Valentine Knapp, Ernest Woodhead, G. S. Hensley, James Henderson, L. Goodenough Taylor, William Turner, L. O. Thomas, Percival Marshall, Donald W. Vick, H. Harmsworth, Major Lansell, Messrs. P. Sherrin, T. L. M'Evoy, John Nelson, F. G. Aldham, W. A. Gough, and Dr. Ross. In addition to these, we had the pleasure of meeting from time to time district officials connected either with the railways or other public services or in some of the administration offices, whose temporary company, as at Banff, swelled our numbers and added to our interest and enjoyment.

The Anchor Line reply was not only in the nature of a pleasant surprise, but gave me reason to congratulate myself that I had written, for it informed me that as the August sailing of the "Columbia" had been cut out, the September date had been changed from the 25th to the 11th, and that my berth would be available for me on that date. I at once replied retaining my berth, a course which would permit of me leaving Toronto on the 8th, having three days in New York, which, after all, would do me quite well, and getting home a fortnight earlier than I anticipated. This put me in very good spirits, as, notwithstanding the beautiful spot where we then were, and the enjoyable experiences we were having, I felt some anxiety as to how things were going on at home, both in my business and politically, and was also pleased at the prospect of being able to see my boys before they returned to school.

Lake Louise.

I have used so many adjectives in the superlative degree in my references to Banff that I have none left to do justice to Lake Louise, which is about 6 hours' rail further up the mountains. The change was effected during the night, and early on the morning of the 22nd August we were taken up to the chalet on a little mountain railway, and we spent the whole of a delightful day there, paddling about the lake, watching the tennis, or strolling amongst the trees which lined the mountain slopes. Some enthusiasts, one of whom, Mr. N. Levi, *De Volksyein*, Pretoria, is an untiring Alpinist, climbed up to Moraine Lake, or to a tea chalet high up the mountain. But it was sufficient for me, still suffering from pony, to lounge around with Harper and Uncle Jeff and enjoy the ever-varying colouring of the peaceful lake, as the mountain shadows were reflected in its mirror-like surface. I have not mentioned the names of the summits in the neighbourhood. They range from 10 to 12 thousand feet, and are snow-clad all the year round.

Leaving Lake Louise on Monday, 23rd, the train passes from the Province of Alberta into that of British Columbia, through the famous deep gorge of the Kicking Horse River, past "The Great Divide," the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia, where a sparkling stream separates into two rivers, the waters of one flowing to the Pacific and those of the other to Hudson Bay. The line clings to the mountain side to the left, with the river 600 feet below and the glaciers and ragged skyline of the range above. We were shown the various special points of interest on the long and grandly-impressive run through this district: the corkscrew tunnel under Collodral Mountain; the valley of the Yoho; the Van Horne Range; the Otterail Mountains; and Glenogle. On reaching Golden we were diverted to a branch line to

Windermere Lake,

where a reception and Indian display had been prepared for us. Here, on stepping from the motor car which had brought us up from the station in a perfect sandstorm to the Community House and Golf Course, I was surprised and very pleased to be greeted by my old friend, Gerald Cuthbert, who, with his wife, formerly Miss Ken-

nedy, of Belfast, was associated with various other hosts. After a most enjoyable and much-needed swim in the lake we visited the Indian turnout of braves and squaws, and inspected their teepees. A refreshing cup of tea from Mrs. Cuthbert having been disposed of, Gerald showed me around the place. Windermere is a point central for the management and direction of the B. C. Irrigation Company, a great undertaking which is an immense benefit to growers of fruit and crops. Lead and several other metals are mined in the locality, and here come ranchers, farmers, fruit-growers, and others with their produce for railment to the markets. Under the slope of the hill are numerous small huts amongst the trees for their sleeping accommodation, while the Community House serves as a club or meeting-place, where the waiting hours can pleasantly be spent in talking, dancing, &c. Mrs. Coleman, wife of the president of the B. C. I. Coy., was acting as adjudicator of prizes for the best Indian turnout, and there were many other ladies dispensing refreshments to our company. A fancily-decorated arch was erected in our honour, bearing the Indian words "Klahowya Tellicum," meaning "A hearty welcome." Our next stopping-place was

Vernon,

in the centre of the Okanagan Valley, famous for its fruit. Here we saw one of the largest fruit-packing factories in Canada, and had a delightful motor run along the shores of Kalamalka Lake, a large and picturesque sheet of water, through miles and miles of orchards, served by a system of irrigation recently carried out, past great ranches of 10 to 20 thousand acres, one of which, the Coldstream, belongs to the Aberdeen family. Our host, Mr. Middleton, gave us plenty of information about the great and productive valley. Our drive ended at a pretty clubhouse on the lake shore, where I had another swim, and a very high dive from a raised platform. Our hosts here were a hearty lot, and we had a gay time. After food we had speeches, and the opportunity was availed of to make a presentation to our genial friend, Mr. A. B. Calder. I was introduced to and had an interesting conversation with a brother of General Ricardo, of Sion Mills, who is here as the manager of one of the large estates. When we arrived back at the station we were all pro-

foundly shocked to learn that Mrs. Coleman, our principal hostess of the previous day at Windermere, had been drowned while bathing in the lake earlier in the day.

Vancouver.

We arrived at Vancouver (200,000) early in the morning of Wednesday, 25th August. The view from the train all the way from Golden to Vancouver is a long moving picture of scenic splendour, down the course of the Columbia River, with the Rockies and the Selkirks in full grandeur on all sides. It would be outside the limits of my intention in writing these experiences to try to name the many points of beauty and interest to be seen in the course of the journey through a great district rich in mineral, agricultural, fruit, and other products. Leaving the Columbia, with its vertical chasm of rocky walls, and entering the Fraser River Valley, the scenery continues equally superb, while the climate becomes mellowed by the Pacific Gulf Stream. Above the Okanagan Valley the train climbs to Summit Lake, where five beautiful lakes occupy the entire valley ; there the Thompson River Valley and the Black Canyon are exchanged for fields of crop and goodly farms, then the Thompson Canyon, with the railway winding along 500 feet above the struggling river. At Lytton the Canyon suddenly widens to admit the Fraser, the chief river of the Province, which comes down from the north between two great mountain peaks, and from this point the scenery becomes wilder than ever, and continues magnificent right into the city.

On detraining I was very pleased to be greeted by a Derryman, Mr. William Gillespie, who gave me a warm welcome, and accompanied me to the splendid Hotel Vancouver, where we had bath and breakfast. I spent the forenoon strolling about the city, and after luncheon, at which we were the guests of the Canadian Club, we took motor cars for an inspection of the Capilano Timber Company's limits. At the hotel I was also pleased to meet Mr. W. F. M'Clintock, a son of ex-Councillor A. M'Clintock, of Derry, who accompanied me on this excursion. On the way we crossed the celebrated rope bridge over the Capilano Canyon, 600 feet above the river. A party of tourists were also being shown the sights by a conductor of the Triangle Touring Company, which takes parties from Seattle to Vancouver,

then to Victoria, and back to Seattle, and does an enormous business in the season. However, we proceeded out to the big timber section. I remember that *en route* I received mail from home, and was delighted to have a letter from each of my four boys, as well as one from their mother. Getting to the Capilano works, we boarded a logging train for the journey up the mountain side. I was lucky to get seats for myself and Uncle Jeff in a little enclosed and windowed structure built on top of a lorry, as the thick smoke from the engine poured itself over and through the tightly-packed standing crowd below us. Arriving at the destined spot, we found tree-fellers and log-rollers awaiting us. The timber was very tall and heavy, but we were sorry to observe that a forest fire had played havoc with many of the mighty monarchs. We saw six great trees felled and loaded on trucks, a thrilling spectacle, after which we had a regular feast at the Capilano Camp. The food was served by the woodsmen, and was rich and nourishing. Roast turkey, stew, great tomatoes, fruit, &c., were the courses, and we enjoyed them hugely. Some of our speakers having suitably thanked our hosts, the party again mounted the little train, but Uncle Jeff and I were invited to return by a motor car, driven by the owner of Vancouver's principal tea-rooms, a gentleman who did the honours in the most hospitable fashion. Before returning, and while the speeches were in progress, I observed a black-and-white artist making sketches of the more pronounced individuals. Snelling was, of course, one of the victims. Then Uncle Jeff, with his slouch hat and inevitable pipe, was the selection. I told him about it, but he would not believe me until he saw his carricature in a newspaper next morning. Crossing the harbour, our host began to talk of its extent and beauty, but Uncle Jeff gave some particulars of the Harbour of Sydney, N.S.W., where he belonged, which effectually silenced the Vancouverite. He mentioned that the Fleet of the U.S. Navy, on a visit to Sydney, was stowed away in a corner, and lost to sight. That evening, while our party were being motored through Stanley Park, I was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Shafto Adair to their home beyond Shaughnessy Heights, and spent a most agreeable evening with them. On returning to the hotel I met Mr. Theodore Stewart, a brother of Mr. Abraham Stewart, Mr. Gilmour Fleming, and



The Three Sisters, near Canmore.



Sir Roderick Jones. Lord Apsley. Lady Jones.

several gentlemen from Belfast and the North of Ireland, who were anxious to know the state of home affairs.

On the morning of the 26th we were conducted through the premises of the New England Fish Company, an immense concern, carrying a winter stock of frozen fish to the value of 750,000 dols. We saw the fish, salmon, halibut, and other species, being landed, gutted, cleaned, smoked or cooked, tinned, and stored, or despatched. The gutters were all Chinese women, but after that process, the cleaning, cooking, packing, &c., is all done by machinery, the plant being one of the largest and most efficient in Canada. In connection with the fish trade of Vancouver, I was surprised to learn that is is mostly in the hands of Japanese, with whom Canadians find it impossible to compete, even as they find it impossible to compete with Chinamen in nursery gardening and the production of vegetables. From the Fish Company we went to view the Hastings Mill lumber plant. From the river was hauled an immense tree, which we followed through the works. When it had been trimmed and squared to an even log we (i.e., the delegates) formed up upon it and were photographed standing upon its 100 feet of length. It was then cut into timber of smaller sizes. The machinery which handles these great trees is so super-human in its action that it is fascinating to watch it at work. I observed to Lord Burnham that Shakespeare must have foreseen the working of a plant like this when he wrote the line, " Full of wise saws and modern instances." but he evidently thought it a very poor joke, as he looked at me blankly and turned away. I played truant at the banquet by the Mayor and Corporation owing to slight indisposition. I had spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Adair, who motored me round the O'Shaughnessy Heights, the swell residential district of Vancouver, pointing out to me the homes of great Canadian men of wealth and dignity; then past English Bay, with its crowds of bathers and yachts and pleasure boats; and then through Stanley Park. It was most enjoyable, but when I left them I began to feel seedy for the first time in Canada. I fancy I got a chill going through the Fish Company refrigerating rooms. That evening I again met Mr. Stewart, Mr. Samuel M'Clay (late of Strabane), and Mr. J. Sloan Potter, who at one time enjoyed

the honour of being an Alderman of Derry Corporation. In the lounge of the hotel I also had the pleasure of seeing a Derry lady, Mrs. R. L. Yates, formerly of Ardmore, and sister of Inspector General Byrne, whose name has been prominently before the public in connection with the Irish troubles I had an interesting conversation with her. The family of Glendinning is well represented over the globe, as an instance of which I was informed that a parcel awaited collection by me at a local Package Express Depot. It turned out to be for Mrs. R. G. Glendinning, whose husband, a relative of my own, formerly ran a vulcanite roofing business in Belfast. My stay in Vancouver was a delightful and varied experience. I saw many interesting things, had full opportunity of appreciating the prosperity and advantages of a quickly-progressing and beautiful city, and enjoyed the company of old friends, to meet whom will always be a pleasure.

Next morning was the third occasion upon which it rained during our tour. We went on board the steamer for Victoria in a downpour, but it had cleared off before half of the pleasant sea trip across the Strait of Georgia was accomplished, and we reached

Victoria

in the sunshine to which we had become accustomed. It certainly is a lovely sail, past pretty islands and varied scenery, with the tall Olympics in the distance. The four or five hours seemed to pass like magic, so beautiful were the surroundings, and when we arrived at Victoria Harbour expressions of delight were general. Victoria (60,000) is the capital of British Columbia. The steamer lands its passengers at a wharf fronting a magnificent square. In front are the stately Parliamentary Buildings, with handsome ground sloping down to the roadway. On the left the Empress Hotel and grounds, and on the right a fine avenue. The Empress Hotel deserves the place of pride of Canadian hotels. It is a spacious building of red brick, ivy-covered for the first storey, beautiful architecturally, and managed to perfection. They do you well there, beyond any doubt, and my short residence there will remain one of my most agreeable recollections of Canada. Vancouver Island has an area of 10,000,000 acres and an ideal climate. The death-

rate averages 7.86 per 1,000 in Victoria, which is the centre of its commercial life and progress. Victoria is said to be the place where the Canadian retires to when he has made his pile, but a great many of its population, and that of Duncan, 80 miles inland, are English. It is a beautiful, modern city, with wide, sunny streets. It has a district where Chinese do a fine trade in silks and fancy ware. One of the features of Victoria is its beautiful Beacon Hill Park, commanding an extensive view.

Having had luncheon on the steamer, we had the evening open, and some of the party went golfing. The others availed themselves of an invitation to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Butchard, about seven miles out of the city. Mr. Butchard has the good fortune to possess land which produces cement of the Portland quality in large quantities. His home adjoins the works and his grounds surround them ; but what can money not do ? Exquisitely beautiful garden architecture successfully masks the plant, and forms a demesne in the nature of what might be expected around an enchanted castle. Fine lakes, waterfalls, velvet lawns, shady paths, and wooded dells abound, and quaint goblin and fairy figures surprise at every turn, now swinging on a tree branch, now pouring water from an urn, &c. A pretty fancy ! But what charmed us most were the massive banks of roses. I have never seen that favourite flower in such quantity or colour. Mr. and Mrs. Butchard are not niggardly of this lovely home, which, for the tropical beauty of its grounds, I have only seen equalled once, namely, at the chateau of the Marquis of Monserrat at the Cintra, near Lisbon. The people of Victoria were made free of the gardens, and were even provided with tea from the house, but I was told that they had so little regard for the privilege that they wantonly destroyed beautiful objects and flowers, thus obliging the owners to withdraw their permission. How different to our experience of other parts of Canada ! But visitors are still sure of a hearty welcome, as we were. To get there I was a guest of Mrs. Gillespie, who took a party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. John James Knight, Brisbane, Australia ; Mrs. Hodges, of Victoria ; and myself, in her handsome automobile. Mrs. Hodges, whose husband is on the editorial staff of a Victorian newspaper, is a Londoner, with journalistic experience her-

self. She was most agreeable, and seemed to be enthusiastically pleased with her new home. Knowing everything about the neighbourhood and the Butchards' dwelling, and being a keen horticulturalist, her conversation was both entertaining and instructive. After tea, our hosts produced Bellini, who claims to be the greatest conjuror on earth, and who mystified us for an hour or so with sleight-of-hand stunts, which fully justified his claim. I have never seen his equal. We then went over the reception-rooms of the mansion, and again Bellini got going before a few of us. I was disappointed on returning to the car to find Mrs. Hodges had returned to town, but I had the good fortune to find myself beside Mrs. Gillespie on the homeward run. The roads around Victoria for about twelve miles out are tarred and oiled to the smoothness of a racing track, so motoring there is some luxury. Our hostess was an expert driver, but was also, like many Canadian ladies I had had the privilege of talking to, a highly-gifted and charming woman, with a broad and intelligent outlook, and fully conversant with local and foreign affairs. I greatly enjoyed my all too short experience of her conversation.

The delegates were entertained that evening, August 27th, by the Government of British Columbia and the city of Victoria jointly to a banquet at the Empress Hotel, the menu being of a most lavish character. The Governor of the Province presided, and gave us a most hearty welcome. The Parliamentary buildings were illuminated in our honour, the entire facade being worked out in brilliant outlines of electric bulbs, and the effect was most striking. The illumination was repeated on the following night. I was dressing for the banquet when I was visited by Mr. Simmons, brother of three well-known citizens of Derry, and we had a pleasant chat. He is doing well out there.

Next day, Saturday, still feeling somewhat seedy, I did not venture the long motor drive to Duncan, although I felt I was missing a treat, as the scenery *en route* was known to be well worth seeing. Later on I had more cause for disappointment, and also disappointed others. The luncheon tables were so arranged at Duncan that representatives from the various parts of the world sat together. One table was set apart for



GRANVILLE AND HASTINGS STREETS, VANCOUVER.



Heavy Timber, Capilano, Vancouver.



ON LOG AT HASTINGS MILL.

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Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C.

the Irish members, and the Irish hosts of Duncan were surprised and chagrined that not a single Irish delegate was there. The attractions of golfing and fishing had lured several of the party away. I had a very interesting time, none the less. In the forenoon I strolled about Victoria in company with Mr. John Harper, of Glasgow, and as the weather was sunny and warm, we had a pleasant walk, especially about Beacon Hill Park. Here is an open-air gymnasium for children, and also small Zoological Gardens, where various animals are kept. In the afternoon Clayton and I went to see a base ball match, Seattle *v.* Victoria. It was my first experience of this game, and amused me vastly. I did not envy any of the pitchers, who were ratted and jeered and howled at as if they were the most contemptible objects on earth. Nor did I feel desirous of ever acting as referee at one of these competitions. His decisions apparently were never fair, and he was in danger of assault continually. Victoria won by one point, and then all was friendship once more. Later in the evening we visited several Chinese and Japanese shops and bought various articles. At night we were taken to a Chinese restaurant, where we indulged in Chop Suey, a spicy and nourishing dish, and so put in the swiftly-passing hours. On Sunday forenoon Mrs. Baker (formerly Miss Blossy Orr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Orr) visited me at the hotel, and we had a long chat about home and mutual friends, and—then arrived the turning point. Half regretful to leave this attractive place, but, on the other hand, feeling some satisfaction at the thought that every mile would bring me nearer home, I went on board the steamer on the return journey to

Vancouver (Eastward Ho),

where I arrived about 7 p.m. On getting to the hotel I found Shafto Adair awaiting me, and went home with him to dinner. My leave-taking with him and his kind wife and boy was tinged with sadness, they had been so glad to see me and so kind. I had some trouble in finding out where old Tin Lizzie was lying, and in my quest encountered Thomas similarly engaged. However, we soon located our old homes, where I found Henry all smiles.

We now had to part with Mr. Jeffrey, who was going home by the Pacific route. I was sorry to

see the last of him, as I liked him well. Harold Harmsworth also took a hasty farewell, having been cabled to return at once owing to the serious illness of a younger brother. He had made himself very popular, being a nice youth and very friendly towards everyone.

The C.N.R.

Our route now lay on the other side of the Fraser River, by the C.N.R. track. T. L. took the lead eastward, for hundreds of miles through the same character of scenery as we had passed on our outward journey. It was quite impossible to read or do anything in the trains but gaze out at the moving vista so truly magnificent. A few incidents marked this part of the journey, one where the train drew up for water at an old gold cutting. Here we amused ourselves gathering "nuggets," the shag being of a kind of stone, with bright, gold-coloured veins or fascets. Another when the train stopped and the engine-horn blew to direct our special attention to Mount Robson, 13,068 feet, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. The most important incident, however, was a presentation to our good friend, Captain M'Evoy, who so richly deserved our heartfelt thanks. We were a jolly crowd in the Observation Coach and loudly cheered our favourite. This occasion was availed of by the ladies to present Sir Arthur Holbrook with a photographic group of their charming selves as an appreciation of his gallantry. Signor Bartolo represented the ladies, which gave him an opportunity of displaying wit and eloquence, which he possessed in abundance, and he managed, while complimenting the recipient, to get a few hits at his rivals and some of his own back. Miss Agnes Powell handed Sir Arthur the photo. amid ironical cheers, but, in no way disturbed, he was fluent and generous in his response.

Our first visit on the eastward run was to

Kamloops,

which we reached on the evening of Monday, August 30. It is one of the new towns, and as we approached it by motor car, having traversed a large fruit-growing district under irrigation, where a rich valley is being newly developed, a full harvest moon was rising over the horizon, while the brilliantly-illuminated streets rivalled its brightness. A drive around the town, which possesses some very fine buildings, ended at a park

in the making by the river side, which will soon be ready for the inhabitants. Here in a wood-built hall the speakers, local and guests, entered upon their exchanges of oratory. Requiring some cigarettes, Harper and I returned up town, where we chatted with various people. At a fair-sized hotel on the main street we were surprised in the public bar to notice five or six customers in various stages of intoxication. This was the more surprising as our motor host had pointed out to us the gaol, which, he said, Prohibition had closed. A shopkeeper informed us that one of the greatest evils which Canada suffered from was the enormous sums spent on unnecessarily elaborate public buildings in the large cities, while the agricultural districts were deprived of the outlay urgently required for irrigation and general development. I thought there was some truth in this view.

We arrived at

Jasper

on a brilliant sunny morning. In the square fronting the station our attention was at once directed to a magnificent Totem Pole, said to be very ancient, quaintly carved over its 60 or 80 feet of height, and very curious. This town was for generations the great natural artery of the fur trade, a centre of the activities of the Hudson's Bay and other companies, and was named after a yellow-headed hunter of a century ago named Jasper Hayes. The great park being some miles away, we had the option of getting there by motor, or buck-board, or on pony back. Being now a "finished" equestrian, I naturally preferred to ride, and enjoyed the experience. There were about twenty of us mounted, and headed by Lord Burnham and Lady Jones, the latter in full riding costume, we looked as like the Pilgrims of Canterbury as described by Chaucer as anything else in nature. Imagine a bridle path through a wood of tall, straight trees. On every side the lofty mountains, with lakes sleeping here and there in the valleys. The whistle of the grasshopper made a continuous hum, and I felt as though this was certainly somewhere from home. The term "Park" conveys no idea of the Jasper region. It is a great game preserve of 4,000 miles, and sportsmen and hunters come here from all parts of North America. The land is varied in character, being mountain and valley, river and lake, with forest and shrub

everywhere. At one point in the mountains 35 lakes can be counted by the naked eye. We had a short but splendid time there. On reaching the shores of Horseshoe Lake we dismounted, and found preparations for our creature comforts in course. At one side of a group of tents, a side of buffalo was being roasted over an open fire. Other edibles were being cooked in an adjoining hut, and long tables were ranged in a clearing. As some time still remained before the Barbecue would be ready, we went on the lake in canoes. A young lady, the wife of an Edmonton journalist, had come over the whole way from that city to meet us, and being a practised canoeist she took some of us in parties round the lake. I was surprised to find that she could "paddle me round," although I exerted all my strength against her. There must be a knack in it. Lady Burnham and others enjoyed this lake business very much. Called to feed, the method was as follows:—Each of us got a plate and passed before a line of young ladies, each of whom helped the bearer to a separate variety of edible—buffalo, stew, potato, corn cob, vegetable, &c. The plate was then taken to a long table, where the knife and fork were found. There was also a second course of fruit and pastry. Most of the maidens were dressed in blouse and riding breeches, and I remarked one of them, a very modest lassie, who was a perfect Juno for beauty of face and physical perfection. The buffalo meat tasted quite good, not at all tough, and little different from roast beef. There was some amusement when Lord Burnham, in a chef's cap, carved the first slice, and declared it well and duly cooked. Of course, on this occasion cameras were busy, as they were everywhere. Some of the smart journalists were in the habit of coining phrases humorously imitative of the Canadian sub-editor's idea of a headline. One of our cameraists came to where we were feeding and triumphantly announced that he had got a splendid picture, which he intended entitling "Bartolo Bolts Buffalo!" I greatly regret that such an account as this can give no conception of the humour which was always lighting up the situations, now grotesque, now funny, but always good-natured and free from malice.

After luncheon motor cars took us up a winding narrow pathway around the side of a mountain to a considerable altitude, and from there we dis-

mounted and were taken to see some mountain and river effects. One of these was particularly impressive. The Maligne River at one spot is pressed between high cliffs with only a width of about two feet. A tremendous volume of water rushes through this narrow cleft and falls in a magnificent cascade into a gorge two hundred feet below. One of the great mountain summits here has been named Mount Edith Cavell. Another great peak is peculiar in that one of its slopes is, as it were, carved into a perfect human face resembling that of an old man. It is named, I think, Grand Pere, or grandfather. I rode back on my docile steed to Jasper in company with the superintendent of the railway in this district. When I got back I was shown into the studio of a young lady artist, whose pictures of the local scenery impressed me greatly, she reproduced Nature so realistically.

Travelling all night and breakfasting on the trains we got to

Edmonton

early on Wednesday, September 1st. My failure to realise the importance of this city brought me up sharply at the station. The weather was very warm, if not hot, and I was rigged out in grey flannel pants, canvas shoes, and a golfing jacket. There were many to meet us, and my particular host came up to greet me, immaculately dressed and bearing a large and lovely bouquet of sweet pea blossoms. Imagine my feelings. I had just time to rush back to car 6, section 8, and do some unpacking, without which I should have been forever shamed. My host, Mr. Baker, gave me the bouquet, which he had provided in case I should be accompanied by a lady. I was pleased to be able to present it to Mrs. Kirwan. Outside of the station another host, who, with his automobile, was to be at my own service during our stay, was introduced to me as Dean Howes. There was nothing clerical about his appearance, and I quickly ascertained that he was head of the Faculty of Agriculture at the Edmonton University. I had an enjoyable bath, and, getting into conventional clothes, was ready for a motor drive around the city. The capital of Alberta (65,000) has a splendid location on the high banks of the Saskatchewan River. Besides the Parliamentary Buildings and Government House and the great University, it has many other notable edifices. The city is spread over an area

of 70 square miles, stretching away on both banks of the river, which is spanned by a great bridge, adapted for railway, vehicle, and foot traffic. Edmonton has a great future before it. There are 30 coal mines in the vicinity, gas, oil, timber, and stone. It is the centre of a rich agricultural district, and is the headquarters of the C.P.R., the C.N.R., and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Many important industries are carried on there, and everything points to great commercial development. We spent a most interesting and enjoyable day, which I shall not forget. Dean Howes, who is enthusiastic in the pursuit of agricultural science, took us over the experimental farm under his care. His experiments have already produced new, rich grasses, and tall, strong. productive corn (maize). He has also greatly developed the Sun Flower plant, largely used for feeding, and in the course of time this branch of University teaching and experiment is certain to show great results. We were the guests at luncheon of the Board of Trade, where the President of the University delivered one of the best speeches heard on our tour. On returning from the University we witnessed a rather unique ceremony. The children of Edmonton, England, had subscribed for and had manufactured a large and handsome silk Union Jack, to be a gift from them to the children of Edmonton, Alta. A commodious building had been erected for the use of War Service men. The building faces a large open space, which is to be formed into a small lawn or recreation ground. Here were gathered all the kids, to the number of several thousand, boys and girls, with a great guard of Boy Scouts, a tall flag-post in the front centre. Lady Burnham unfurled the Jack, which was ably presented by Mr. Ernest Woodhead, to thunderous cheers. The speeches were touching, especially Lady Burnham's, who beautifully expressed her idea of the principles which, if followed, would result in making the boys and girls useful citizens and loyal Britishers. At the University I had met a young Irishman, a barrister, Mr. Bury, who has some relations in Londonderry, and later on I had a most enjoyable round of golf at the County Club, my partner being Mr. J. S. Macdonald, editor of the *Farmer and Stockbreeder*, London, a gentleman whose company I enjoyed. He had spoken creditably at the luncheon, and courageously pointed out that there was no likelihood of the

embargo on Canadian cattle being removed. He played on a handicap of 5, and put up a good game. Our opponents were fine chaps. One of them, Mr. Dunlop, was a young Scot, tall and athletic, a jolly soul. The other, Mr. Cooke, was equally good company, and did us handsomely. In fact, I never met a nicer company, nor shall I ever forget the hospitality and kindness shown to me by Dean Howes, who is a splendid type of Canadian scientist, and Mr. Baker. A banquet was given in our honour that evening at the Macdonald Hotel, a great Grand Trunk Railway hostlery, which concluded our programme. The ladies had been the guests of the Women's Press Club. My friend, John Harper, had rather a different experience from mine. He, in company with Donald Vick, had as host a brither Scot, who celebrated the occasion not wisely but too well, and entertained his guests in a manner which, while funny, verged on the uncomfortable. Resting that night and breakfasting at the hotel, we proceeded next morning to

Wainwright,

which we reached just after lunch, and spent the remainder of the day there. The object in visiting Wainwright was to have a motor drive through the farming district surrounding the town, but principally to visit Buffalo Park to see the large herds of buffalo, elk, and moose which are there. The buffalo was almost extinct in Canada, but in 1897 the Dominion Government received the gift of a few bison from Mr. T. G. Blackstock, Toronto, which were placed in Banff Park. The next year the number was increased by the presentation of 13 head by Lord Strathcona from his herd in Winnipeg. Then in 1906 Mr. Abe Azotte, Canadian Immigration Agent at Missoula, was successful in acquiring for Canada a herd of 100 animals from Michael Pablo, of Montana, at about 250 dollars per head. The lot were then placed in the park at Wainwright. It consists of 160 square miles, covers 100,000 acres, and is enclosed by a fence seven feet high. The numbers have now increased to about 7,000. An interesting experiment is being carried on at present in trying to produce a new breed of cattle called Cattalo by crossing domestic cattle with the buffalo, and is already assured of success. After a stop for tea in a hall in the town, where the citizens were assembled to meet us, and where we had a short

musical programme, motor cars conveyed us to the park. I must allude to an incident which rather amused me. At the station the local Rector was much to the fore and most hearty in his greetings. When the autos came along they were very limited in number compared to the size of our party, and I was at first unable to get a seat. One of the cars looked as if it could take another passenger, and I went to it, but I could not be taken, although seated comfortably beside the driver was his Reverence, to whom, I am sure, the park was no novelty. However, when I at last secured a seat, it turned out to be a lucky one. The driver was a regular dare-devil, dressed cowboy fashion. He could take that car anywhere, and when we got to the park he scorned to follow the line, but, knowing the best direction to keep, he rushed us through high scrub, over heights and hollows, but always much closer to the herds than any of the other cars. Once or twice I was sure were were going to be emptied out, but no—we were quite all right, and had a most thrilling time, watching the great herds being driven past us. I had been informed that one of the owner drivers, hearing I was with the party, had been inquring for me, so when I got back I went along the line and found my man, who was Mr. Hunter, of Letterkenny. I went with him to his office where he practices as attorney and Notary Public, and we had a long chat on home affairs. John Harper had a rather happy experience here. One of the young ladies who were serving tea said that her husband knew Jack Harper, of the *Record*, well. Naturally, he arranged with the lady to meet him, but before the gentleman got into town it transpired in conversation that the lady herself was an old and intimate friend of Mrs. Harper. We were much indebted at Wainwright to Mr. W. J. Huntingford, proprietor of the *Wainwright Star*, who had made all the arrangements. Appreciating his pluckiness in running a smart newspaper in a comparatively sparsely-populated district, Lord Burnham asked our co-operation, and we raised an amount sufficient for the purchase of an extra Monotype keyboard, which was presented to him as a mark of our esteem. A present of Wainwright duck was sent to the train, and we had it for dinner. There is plenty of sport to be had, and the wild duck are supposed to be really choice.



Barbecue at Jasper Park.

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Lady Burnham Unfurling the Union Jack at Edmonton.

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Prince Albert.

We detrained at Prince Albert (10,000) after breakfast next morning, Friday, September 3rd. This is what happened to me. Clayton, Harper, and I were going along looking for a motor car to our fancy and chatting together. Suddenly we heard a voice saying, "I want that Derryman with me." Of course that settled the matter of the car, and, seated beside the driver, I asked him how he knew where I came from. "Oh," said he, "I come from Moville. My name is Ralph Miller." We had a delightful drive, first up to the summit of Red Deer Hill, where there was a fine view and where complimentary speeches were exchanged. The speech of welcome was made by the representative in the Dominion Parliament for the Saskatoon constituency, who was no other than a Mr. Knox, formerly of Coleraine. Mr. Miller was a most interesting host, and our conversation with him was instructive. I should say that in most of the towns and cities evidences remain of the slump in real estate which occurred in 1912, beautiful homes or great factory buildings standing unfinished. Here in the outskirts of the town he pointed out a beautiful mansion which is now the property of and occupied by the local druggist, to whom Prohibition has been very remunerative, while the man who built it, after twenty years of hard work, is ruined. He also explained the system under which Roman Catholics in Canada are educated apart from the Protestants. In some provinces they have to pay for their schools, in others a ratepayer can say to which school his rates are to be devoted, while in others still the province supports the separate school system. He showed us one of the penitentiary farms, to which prisoners are sent who have been sentenced to terms of two years or under. This is a good idea. He told us of three French-Canadian bandits who to escape conscription took to the open, and had shot two soldiers in evading arrest, and how they were captured through the pluck of a Prince Albert citizen, who held them up at a sort of dug-out, where he discovered them, and got them secured, his "gun" being unloaded at the time, while they were armed. Mr. Miller has a very flourishing drapery business in Prince Albert, and I wish him every success. We arrived at

early in the afternoon, and left it at 8 p.m. Our programme included a reception at a forestry farm, a visit to the University, and tea at the residence of Mr. W. F. Herman. As John Harper and I were leaving the station together we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and one of their sturdy sons. They took charge of us, and we chucked the ceremonies. I had met Mr. Armstrong at Toronto, where he had just got back from Ireland and Scotland, having been one of the Orange delegates to Belfast. He and I were closely in touch as to our opinions, and his family were very kind and hospitable. They showed us over the city (30,000) and entertained us to dinner. Mr. Armstrong is the author of a book on the Separate School system in Canada, which, he points out, is certain to be evil in its results. On getting to the station everyone I met told me of a young lady who was most anxious to see me. I found that Sir Patrick M'Grath, one of the Newfoundland delegates, had taken her to car 6, section 8, where she was waiting for me. Miss Annie Phillips, as I knew her, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, of De Burgh Terrace, had just been about a year at Saskatoon as the wife of Mr. Pyper, editor of the *Saskatoon Star*, and cousin of the Rev. James Pyper, for some time minister of Strand Road Church. Mrs. Pyper, who, as we know, is highly talented as an elocutionist, had given a recitation at Mr. Herman's, and hearing that I was with the party and expressing a strong desire to see me, I learned that everyone was looking for me from Lord Burnham down. But I had 25 minutes left, and was able to give her and her husband all the home news.

Noontide on Saturday saw us back again at

Winnipeg,

where I felt myself at home. Harry Bryan met me at the station, and I went home with him, where on this occasion I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bryan and their two pretty kiddies. Later on I met George Taylor again, and I had him as my guest at a luncheon given us by the Canadian Club, where a presentation was made to my good friend, Mr. C. K Howard, and afterwards at dinner at the Fort Garry. We left Winnipeg at 10 o'clock that night, and there was a great crowd to see us off. Taylor, Bryan, Ross, Maurice Scott

(who had returned from Quebec), and several local friends honoured me with a warm send-off, while the same sort of thing was going on with other delegates. It was a parting with sincere regret on both sides, and I felt much touched as old T. L. pulled out.

That night, all day Sunday, the 5th, and all Sunday night the train sped through Northern Ontario, through hundreds of miles of forest and lake, with here and there a clearing. It was a monotonous journey, as the character of the country never changed, except to display now and again the black-charred stumps of the straight spruce trees, where a forest fire had passed on its destructive course. The run gave us some idea of the vastness of Canada and its undeveloped territory. On Monday we reached

Timmins,

in the Porcupine gold mining district, and here we were taken down the famous Hollinger Gold Mine, which gives an output of one ton of gold per month. Other gold mines here are the Dowe, M'Intyre - Porcupine, and Porcupine - Crown. Timmins (5,500) is a mining town, but pulp and paper are also made there. The visit to the mine was an experience worth having, though not very comfortable. We followed the tunnels, saw the slag in its many operations, passing again and again through crushers and filters and chemical processes, until only the precious metal itself was left, to be then melted and moulded into ingots. Each guest on emerging from the mine was presented with a little box, with the recipient's name upon it, containing a specimen of the gold-bearing stone or flint. Only stopping at

New Liskeard,

while a Civic Address was presented to us, we proceeded to

Cobalt,

in the silver mine district. At least that is what the crowd in general did, but a few of us had a stunt of our own, and a great one. Before getting to New Liskeard, however, it would be very ungallant for me to omit Miss Billington's birthday. For the last few days we had been exchanging guests with the C. P. R. train, and on this particular day Miss Billington, the only lady delegate, and one whose contributions to the *Daily Telegraph* form a

popular feature of that deservedly popular newspaper, remembered it was her birthday. We celebrated it, to the delight of the lady, by presenting her with a birthday cake and an address from the delegates on T. L., signed by all. It was an occasion which gave pleasure all round, and was obviously greatly appreciated by the heroine.

While the train was lying at New Liskeard Sir Arthur Holbrook, Col. Watt, Clayton, Harper, and myself were invited by Mr. Fairlie, the managing director of the principal silver mine at Cobalt, to go there with him by motor car. We readily availed ourselves of his courtesy, and were not long doing the twelve-mile run. On the way our host pointed out the several features of the landscape. Skirting the shores of Lake Nipigon, 70 miles long by 40 wide, 832 feet above sea level, the road soon enters the silver mining area, the first indication of which was the plant of two Englishmen, who were persevering with little success, as we were told, in hope of striking it rich. Then we got to Cobalt, and recognised we were in a real mining town. Timmins is a district of mines, but Cobalt is such as one's fancy would picture a mining town to be. We were shown where silver was first discovered by Rose, an engineer, while railway-making, and Mr. Fairlie gave us a brief history of the silver mining industry down to date. Before going to his mine our host invited us to his home to dinner, and we proceeded with him there. We found that he lived on the banks of what was once Cobalt Lake, a considerable sheet of water, which had been drained dry, its bed presenting a curious picture. It had been raining before we arrived, and the evening was chilly, so we were in clover when we entered the drawing-room, where a great log fire was blazing brightly. Mrs. Fairlie, a young lady of Irish parentage, was most kind to us, and we greatly appreciated the hospitality shown us here. We might have been old personal friends, but such is the Canadian feeling towards visitors from the old country. At the mine we inspected the workings, and were taken into the Bullion Room, where silver to a very large amount was stacked in ingots. Mr. Fairlie also gave us samples of the silver-bearing stone found underground. We got to the Cobalt Town Hall just as the other delegates arrived by train, and here a silver mining expert, who had come specially

from Toronto, gave us a full history of Cobalt and silver mining in Canada. On the railway journey, between Cobalt and Huntsville, Mr. Aldham went round the delegates, and on behalf of Mr. Crandle and the *Montreal Star* asked each to write out 100 words of an appreciation of Canada.

Huntsville

is the point of entrance to the Lake of Bays district, in the Highlands of Ontario. A pretty little steamer took us on board here on Tuesday morning after breakfast, and we all enjoyed a delightful sail through those lovely lakes. Steaming through Lakes Fairy and Peninsular, between which the channel is so narrow that there is just room for the vessel, we landed and crossed by tramway a neck of little more than a mile wide to the exquisite Lake of the Bays. We were looking forward to this experience, as we had heard a lot about Bigwin Inn. It certainly justified its reputation. About halfway across the lake, nestling amongst the trees, we saw pretty buildings of quaint design, painted red. Approaching the shore, we found a pretty landing-stage and bathing-place. A concreted and covered way led up to a long, low, two-storeyed building, which we found to be nothing but bedrooms, with a corridor in the middle nearly 200 yards in length. At the further end another covered way led to the lounge and pleasure portion of the inn, and still further on a third covered way led to the Dining Room, the largest, I believe, I have seen, built in circular form, with a surrounding balcony on the edge of the lake, and beautifully decorated. The lounge building is also very handsome and luxuriously-furnished and decorated, with a broad verandah outside. All sorts of sport—shooting, fishing, boating, tennis, &c.—can be enjoyed here, while hovering over the lake was a seaplane, which took passengers for short trips for a fee. Such a place is perfectly unique in its way. Above the inn, on a high hill, a short distance away, is an observatory, from which a view of the whole lake district is obtained. Bigwin Inn is the result of a plan devised and carried out by a wealthy American, Mr. Shaw, to attract tourists to this district, and he has spared no expense to make the inn attractive. One of his hobbies is music, both he and his son being brilliant amateurs. The Huntsville Band may,

therefore, be expected to be something more than ordinary, and so it is. There are 60 performers under Mr. Clarke, the conductor, who is said to be the best cornet-player in America, and who enjoys a salary almost equal to that of a Minister of State. The instruments themselves are worth seeing, capable of rendering every possible musical effect. Several of the bandsmen are ex-Sousa men. They have employment in Huntsville in a leather factory, and each member of the band enjoys housing and fuel free. We enjoyed our stay, and Mr. Shaw, who was present, arranged a two-hour concert in the lounge, which was a great honour to us. Many celebrated classic scores were rendered, one or two with voice accompaniment, then national airs, and the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which was grandly impressive. Lord Burnham was put to it to adequately express our sense of the great kindness of our host, and we all felt keenly this great compliment. On the return to Huntsville, and thence to Toronto, our members could be seen in corners, applying themselves to the difficult task of confining to 100 words their impressions of Canada. I am concluding this account with a verse in parody of "Oh, Canada" with which I got myself out of the difficulty, but which I was surprised at Mr. Crandle using, along with the grave journalistic pronouncements which appeared in the *Montreal Star* of September 11th. At

Toronto

the tour ended as far as I was concerned, as I went to New York, and sailed home from that city. But the remainder of the party proceeded to Prescott, and went down the St. Lawrence River in a steamer of the Canadian Steamship Lines to Quebec (a trip with many beauties, including the Thousand Islands, and which I keenly regretted missing), winding up the Conference there and sailing by the Empress of Britain for Liverpool. My experinces at Toronto and New York are worth recording, as they were not without excitement. The Canadian National Exhibition was in full swing when we arrived at Toronto, and the trains, instead of going to a station, went to the Exhibition grounds, which cover a tremendous area on the border of the lake. I had to get my luggage out of the train, but by the kindness of the manager of the Exhibition, to whom I am

indebted for great courtesy, it was taken to the Administration Office. Leaving it there, I went with Clayton and Harper to see the various shows, in which manner we spent the time until luncheon, having also had breakfast as guests of the Administration. After the lunch, which was taken in company with many exhibitors of farming and other produce, I began to be anxious about getting my things down to the Union Station. An ordinary taxi was unsuitable, and there was no transfer available, but Mr. E. Roberts, secretary to Mr. Calder, and a most decent chap, came to my assistance, got a yellow taxi, came to the station with me, and assisted me in arranging for my sleeper and in getting my luggage passed by the U.S. Customs Officer. I then motored to the King Edward Hotel, and afterwards to Messrs. Simmers to inquire for Harry Dugan, who, I had been told at the Exhibition, had taken unwell. I had rather over an hour to spare, and I decided I would go back to the station and pass the time there. I was lucky in meeting Mr. Crandle, who, with his usual kindness, took me in his auto-car. At the station a boy took my coats and handbag and undertook to be at my pulman before train time. I had put my passport in my overcoat pocket, and it struck me it would be safer with myself, so I searched the pockets of my coat, but, to my horror, it was not there. What to do ! I rushed out and took a motor back to the hotel, but it could not be found at the check office. It was then about forty minutes to train time, but my taxi-driver said I would have plenty of time to go out to the Exhibition, so I decided to do so. At the entrance I got him inside by my delegate's pass, but I could not get the car near to the office owing to barriers. Motor and yacht racing were going on on the lake, and the crowd was enormous. It had taken us a long time getting out, as every motor car in Toronto seemed to be going in the same direction, and there were several hold-ups. I left him, and ran to the office, which I had some difficulty in finding. Surprised to see me again, and learning of my difficulty, several of my friends and the caretaker looked everywhere, but no Passport could be found. I then tore out again, and could not find where I had left the car. At last I found it, and after a fearful drive back, I just caught the train, but minus the document

and several dollars, and in a very agitated and upset condition. So I shall not forget Toronto. The journey to

New York.

was comfortable, and my fellow-passengers chatty and friendly. An incident occurred in the Diner which I may relate. At the table opposite mine sat a gentleman and two ladies. He ordered ginger ale for them, and taking a flask from his pocket poured about a glass of whiskey into it. The head steward came along and said he smelled liquor, whereupon the passenger swallowed what was in the glass, but the steward made him give up the flask, which was returned to him empty. The gentleman used some language of a lurid character. U.S. officers searched every piece of baggage on the train most thoroughly. I was awake early enough next morning to enjoy the view of the noble Hudson River for the last few miles of its course. At the Grand Central Station, New York, I was met by my cousins, Robert N. Dempster and Sam Milligan, and without their local knowledge I would have been in another difficulty in that large depot. I had in my heavy trunk some family articles belonging to Dempster since the decease of his mother. I was going to stay with him at New Jersey, but it would have been very inconvenient to take two fairly large trunks across the ferry and some distance out of town. Had the things not been packed away, it would have been a simple matter to have had the trunks transferred straight to the dock. No taxis get near the trains in New York, but my cousins arranged that we would have a car at a particular entrance, and a porter brought my trunks there. This seemed to me very much more complicated than would have been the case at any big London station. The taxi to the Anchor Line Dock. including a call at the office of my cousins of about three minutes, cost five dollars ! Robbery ! There by judicious management I was permitted to unpack the trunk and get out the things, but the heat was awful, and I was like a wet rag by the time I had finished. All was then satisfactory until I went to the Anchor Line Office. Here I met with every attention. The Derry agent, Mr. D. Semple, had been good enough to write the New York agents asking them to give me any assistance I required, and Mr. Newson did all in his power to make

things easy for me. Having arranged about my berth, I mentioned the loss of my passport. It was awkward, but Mr. Newson soon got over this difficulty. I was taken to the British Passport Office. There I had to make an affidavit, fill up a form, and was sent off to have my photo. taken, which was done in twenty minutes. Next morning I got my emergency passport, but was directed to the Customs Department in another locality. From there, after a long wait in a queue, I was sent to a notary, before whom I had to make another affidavit to the effect that I possessed no income in the U.S. Then back to the Customs, where I got my authority to sail. This cost me several dollars, as may be supposed, in addition to the ten dollars which I had paid at Belfast for the passport I had lost. Before leaving home I had had to pay Cooks £2 5s Head Tax into the U.S., and they told me that Cooks, Broadway, would refund it before I sailed. Cooks, Broadway, told me the purser on the s.s. Columbia would refund it. The purser told me Cooks, London, would refund it. Cooks, London, told me the Anchor Line, Glasgow, would refund it. The Anchor Line, Glasgow, said they would have to apply to the Anchor Line, New York, for a refund, but I have not got the money back yet !* However, these things are sent to try us. My cousins showed me as many of the principal sights in New York as time permitted. One of my most enjoyable experiences was a view of Manhattan Island, Brooklyn, New Jersey, &c., from the top of the tower of the Metropolitan Insurance Company's great building.

I have now brought this very indifferent record almost to a conclusion, but before writing "Finis" there are one or two subjects to which I should like to refer. The first is the speech-making part of the programme. It is rather on my conscience that I evaded being called upon to do my share, especially as I had full knowledge of the difficulties which were encountered by Mr. Crosbie Roles and Captain Turner in their duty of finding speakers for so many places, but they pressed no one, and so I cowardly kept out of it. Lord Burnham, of course, was our principal representative, and replied for us at the more important meetings and at all the formal banquets. Indeed, he had difficulty in escaping anywhere, as Canadians knew

* Cheque received January 3rd, 1921.

much of him, and always expressed a strong desire to hear him. I admired not only his ability as an orator but the inimitable tact he invariably displayed.

Our other principal speakers included Sir Campbell Stuart, K.B.E. (whose recent appointment as Managing Director of *The Times* gave me great satisfaction); Sir Robert Bruce, Kt., LL.D., J.P., Editor of *The Glasgow Herald*; the Right Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., M.P.; Robert Donald, Esq., Chairman of The Empire Press Union, *Yorkshire Observer*, &c.; Sir George Toulmin, *Lancashire Daily Post*; Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., M.P.; Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, K.B.E., M.P., *Portsmouth Times*; Percy Hurd, Esq., M.P., British Correspondent, *Montreal Star*; George J. Isaacs, Esq., N.S.O.P. and A.; R. S. Ward Jackson, Esq., *Rand Daily Mail*; Geoffrey E. Fairfax, Esq., *Sydney Morning Herald*; Sir Roderick Jones, Managing Director of Reuter's; C. D. Leng, Esq., *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, whose sudden and unexpected death will be widely deplored; Sir Patrick T. M'Grath, *Evening Herald*, Newfoundland; T. E. Naylor, Esq., London Society of Compositors; Sir Frank Newnes, Bart.; Dr. Ellis Powell, late Managing Editor, *Financial News*; Sir Charles Starmer, *Birmingham Gazette*, and other papers; Ernest Woodhead, *Huddersfield Examiner*; &c.

Our Canadian hosts, both ladies and gentlemen, on every occasion extended to us the warmest hospitality, and what affected us more, their conduct towards us evinced that genuine, natural kindness which cannot be simulated. It would be difficult, indeed, to estimate the trouble and expense they went to for our pleasure, comfort, and entertainment.

With regard to the cost of living in Canada, I imagine it is higher than in this country, although food of every kind is plentiful. A plate of roast beef, for example, without any accompaniments, at 1 dollar, would be thought very dear in Ireland. Clothing is also somewhat more expensive; but, taking the inhabitants all round, the standard of living is higher there than at home.

The houses of Canada, though almost invariably built of wood, are beautiful—we saw exquisite houses everywhere, handsomely and gracefully designed. They are kept scrupulously neat and clean. We were struck by the fact that there are

practically no garden or house fences, and as the front plots are all pretty gardens, with lovely flowers in the season, we were surprised that the blooms were not stolen, but we were assured they were never interfered with.

Honesty is a virtue observed by Canadians universally. Very few people lock their doors at night, even in the cities. A stranger may enter a house and help himself to food if there is no one about to supply him, but nothing else is ever touched. Mr. Shafto Adair pointed out to me a striking example of the universal respect for the property of others. A poor, young lad, the only support of his widowed mother, conceived a scheme which some sympathisers enabled him to carry out. Upon the electric light standards round the suburbs of Vancouver, at points where the street cars stop, he placed boxes, and having obtained an old Ford motor car, he goes round early each morning and places in these boxes copies of the *Daily Sun*. Business men going into the city in the morning take their paper and put the five cents in a slot. The boy comes round later on and collects the money. Such a scheme would not last long, say, in Londonderry, yet it has existed for quite a long time in Vancouver.

Generally speaking, Canadians are particular about dress, the fair sex especially, but the men are mostly governed by a certain style, and pay considerable attention to their appearance. We were rather surprised to notice that, notwithstanding the heat, dark colours in tweeds or navy blue serge were much more favoured than light shades. A few, of course, wore suits of Tussore Silk, or Palm Beach, but nearly all the men wore ordinary tweeds, not omitting waistcoats of dark material. The straw hat was also *de rigour*, and made the Panama which I provided for the tour look very much out of place.

Canada shows signs of progress in every direction, and, judging by the demand for houses in all the cities, the population must be steadily increasing. The one note, repeated in almost all the speeches delivered to us by Canadians, was a demand for men of the right type, especially farmers, and capital from the Old Country. Canada is most anxious to maintain the Anglo-Saxon type of her population, and relies on Britain to keep it so. As to capital, Canadians recognise that a

good deal of British money invested in Canadian enterprises in the past was bad speculation—the result of exaggerated or false reports and statements. They now fearlessly demand further help in this direction, and are determined that no misleading evidence will ever be given in the future as to profit-making. As American capital is pouring into the country, it would seem that British investors are allowing the U.S. to get control of the principal paying industries, notwithstanding pro-British sentiment. It is a country well worth holding, a glorious gem in the British Crown, a splendid, progressive, cultured, and sturdy people, but it has along its border a great Republic with in many directions common interests, and this fact makes it all the more surprising that Canada glories in being part and portion of the British Empire.

While touching on the subject of Canada's British sentiment, I, in common with several other delegates, was sorry to see in newspapers and business signs and advertisements a great many liberties taken with the English language. Slang, always to be condemned, although I plead guilty to a too generous use of it myself, especially in conversation, but it is not slang I refer to. It is the practice of cutting up words in the attempt at smartness. The result, in my opinion, is not smart—"defi," for example, is in no way more forcible, if as much so, as defiance, and the habit is an objectionable copying of Yankee methods. If Canada really desires to be British in character she should do her utmost to preserve the language of Shakespeare and Milton in its purity. She cannot improve upon it.

A great amount of importance is given to education. The Public Schools, as the elementary institutions are called, are housed in new, spacious, healthy buildings, which are constantly being enlarged as the number of pupils increase. A good, solid foundation is given to the education of the boy and girl by teachers specially trained in colleges for the purpose of this valuable service. The country also is splendidly equipped for intermediate and university teaching. No expense is spared by the Government in providing, endowing, and maintaining handsome, commodious university buildings, with staffs of brilliant professors of all the arts, professions, and sciences for the education of the coming generation. This sub-

ject was closely investigated by delegates who took a special interest in it, and in their speeches they prophesied that the standard of education in Canada would soon be as high as that of any country in the world.

I cannot conclude without particularising some names of ladies and gentlemen perhaps not hitherto mentioned, both of our party and Canadian, to whom I am personally indebted for courtesy and kindness. Of course, many I just met and nothing more. This was due to circumstances easily understood with such a number, but I shall always remember with friendly feeling the following:—Mr. P. Sherrin (on Train 2 for Government Information). It would take pages to convey my sense of the trouble taken by him and of his hearty and genial good fellowship. Mr. W. C. Potts, railway official, always obliging and friendly. Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. M'Pherson, M.L.A., Canadian Press representative; Captain William Wallace, secretary Canadian Press Executive; Mr. John Nelson, C.P. train chairman; Dr. S. G. Ross, Messrs. G. S. Hensley, Bank of Montreal, Canadian Press Auditor; E. J. Moxley (another M'Evoy), F. G. Aldham, *Montreal Star* reporter; W. A. Gough, railway official; Crosbie Roles, hon. secretary, and Captain H. E. Turner, secretary, Empire P.U.; Messrs. D. M. Ollemans, *Daily Friend*, Bloemfontein; D. D. Braham, editor *Daily Telegraph*, Sydney, N.S.W.; James Hutcheson, *Otago Daily Times*, Dunedin; Major and Mrs. Mitchell, *Dundee Courier*; Mrs. Powell, Mr. W. A. Brennan, *The Argus*, Melbourne; Mr. (now Sir) William Davies, *Western Mail*, Cardiff (who, I am glad to know, has now fully recovered good health); Mr. Phillip Davis, *The Natal Witness*; Mr. and Mrs. Graham, *Express and Star*, Wolverhampton; Mr. Alfred Langler, *West Australian Mail*, Perth, W.A.; and our two nurses, Miss Schneider and Miss Thompson, whose help was much appreciated by both hale and sick.

Oh, Canada, we've travelled east and west,
Privileged to see your greatest and your best,
Your factories, your minerals,
Your fields of golden grain,
Your noble girls, your stalwart sons,
Your mountain, lake and plain.
Oh ! Canada, Oh ! Canada ;
May Heaven dower you with bounteous store,
And lead us o'er the seas to you once more.

I sailed from New York on the 11th September by the Anchor Line s.s. Columbia. The second and third-class accommodation was well filled, but there were only about fifty saloon passengers, including women and children. The voyage, which was calm and uneventful, was a pleasant time of physical and mental rest, which I badly needed. The Columbia was in charge of Captain David Bone, one of a family of sons successful in the legal, journalistic, and artistic professions. The captain is well known as the author of "The Brassbounder" and other popular stories, and not perhaps so well known as he deserves to be as the compiler and author of the official record of the services rendered during the war by the Mercantile Marine of Britain, a volume which all admirers of the British sailor should possess. Mr. Moncour, the chief engineer, was with the vessel during her service as the auxiliary cruiser *Columbella.* The smokeroom steward had the hard luck to be on three different ships when they were sunk by enemy torpedoes. I have pleasant memories of my voyage home in the old Columbia, and would not ask a better ship's company than that of Captain Bone and his officers.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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J. C. G.

